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A Biologist Hears the Guns *By Donald Culross Peattie*

IN THIS ISSUE

BEN RAY REDMAN
Reviews "East of the Giants" by George R. Stewart

ROBERT C. BROOKS
Reviews "Power, A New Social Analysis" by Bertrand Russell

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Reviews "Public Plunder" by David Loth

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Reviews "The Door of Life" by Enid Bagnold

GEORGE McLEAN HARPER
Reviews "Farewell the Banner" by Frances Winwar

CRANE BRINTON
Reviews "Out of Revolution" by Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy

WILLIAM SLOANE
Reviews "Marching Orders" by I. V. Morris

Other Reviews by N. L. ROTHMAN, ROBERT SIMON, VERA MICHELES DEAN, PAUL H. LANG, JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

GEORGE R. STEWART

"And, best of all from the popular point of view, he tells a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner" . . . *(See page 5)*

"SALT OF THIS WORLD" *A review of "Men of Good Will" By George Stevens*

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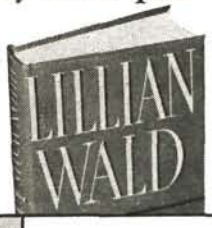

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A Biologist Hears the Guns*

BY

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

"Let me call in witness the attempts of many leaders to regulate sex, from Paul of Tarsus . . . to Benito Mussolini. . . . The total effect of every attempt is just the same as if nobody had tried to do anything about the birth rate." . . .

THERE are wars and rumors of war in the air these days, and a shouting of many voices. Many saviors, more or less sincere, are informing us what we must do to be saved.

And most of them write books.

So we have books by economists and sociologists, nationalists and internationalists, communists and fascists, churchmen and statesmen, pacificists and militarists. Some of them remind me of the resort hotel busmen, in my childhood, who waited at the railway depot and shouted, and jerked with their thumbs, "This way to the Imperial Hotel!" "This bus for the Grand Palace Hotel!" and so on, if need be seizing the baggage of anyone whose mind did not appear to be irrevocably prejudiced.

With time, after having tried their beds and boards, we have come to regard most of these hotels with traveled skepticism. In our search for the perfect abode, we tried the Temperance Tavern, in the high-minded times of Senator Volstead. We tried the American Imperial from the end of the Spanish-American War to the beginning of the First World War. We all remember the comfortable if rotting Old Deal Hotel. When it was torn down in the depression we all trooped in to the high-priced New Deal. We haven't yet tried the Communist Comrade Caravanserie. Perhaps we remember that, back about 1919, we read that communism was going to end wars. There was to be just one quick little war—the class war—and after that, Peace. (Isn't it wonderful?) It's a long time since most of us put up at the Church; we seem to remember the management staged several centuries of a war called the Crusades. But we all remember the prosperous-looking busman for the Business Hotel. His line was that business is the great civilizer. For war he proposed to substitute the good, clean fun of economic competition as an outlet for our natural and manly inclinations to throttle the other fellow. But that was the very hotel where the worst conflagration of all burst out, for it now appears that, playing with the matches of economic competition, we set fire to a keg of dynamite in the basement. (It seems that if you cannot sell another country your goods, you call out the navy.) The hotel has gone up in smoke, yet we still owe a lot on the bill.

Amid all this shouting of literary busmen, special pleaders, and earnest seekers after salvation, there is one fellow from whom we have scarcely heard. His advice has not been asked, and he has never advertised himself. Speaking in a language that cannot be understood without taking four university years of study in it, the biologist is supposed to be a guinea-pig experimenter, a man who gives old cheese to those rats who find their way through a maze in the proper time, a fellow who is trying to synthesize life, who keeps chicken hearts beating *in vitro* for a quarter of a century, a spectacled god who pokes the ant heap and occupies himself with several other curious and not really useful things.

But as a seer and prophet of the human melée, the biologist has not had the standing with the common man that the common man has with himself. If a publisher were to offer a book called "A Doctor Looks at War," we would, many of us, judge that even though we don't quite know which doc, the old family physician's diagnosis should be pretty canny, and his pills not too bad. If, however, I offer you a book by a university professor of animal behavior, many will have visions of a mortar-boarded, cross-eyed brain-truster like a cartoon in the *Chicago Tribune*. If I assure you that it has more bearing on why we behave so badly like human beings than the memoirs of twenty correspondents who have interviewed Benes and Henlein, you will ask, naturally, "What does a professor know about it?"

The answer to that is W. C. Allee's "The Social Life of Animals," which is not a textbook, and not merely a pleasant Nature book, or any sort of special pleading, but is rather one brief volume in the still largely non-existent literature of the biological viewpoint on human and world affairs. It is, as even Allee's earlier "Animal Aggregations" was not, a popular book. Allee has come out of brambles of technical verbiage; he seldom appeals to the graph and the trigonometrically smoothed curve; he does not claim the sanctuary of the college close. On the contrary, with a daring scarcely known to the precise scientist, he marches steadily up to a penultimate chapter called "Human Implications."

I can't imagine what his unimaginative

* *THE SOCIAL LIFE OF ANIMALS.* By W. C. Allee. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $3.

Next Week

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
By CARL VAN DOREN
Reviewed by Crane Brinton

THIS IS DEMOCRACY
By MARQUIS CHILDS
Reviewed by Paul H. Douglas

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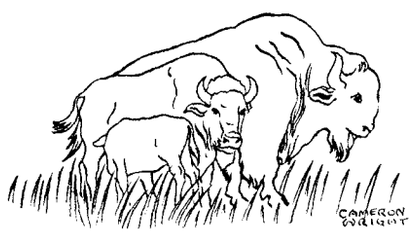
colleagues are going to say. The little scientist is always scared to death of the human implications of his work. He will go to any lengths in making himself unintelligible, out of a not unreasonable fear that somebody is going, on the basis of a little knowledge, to quote or use him for dangerous social action, such as wholesale sterilizations, or the wholesale murder that is war.

But once in a generation there arises a biologist with the courage of his conclusions and the voice of a Nathan. Thomas Henry Huxley smashed Victorian gilt furniture, and if Allee is not the clarion Huxley, that is because he is not using Huxley's leathery lung power. The battle of traditional Creation vs. Evolution is won (though perhaps only temporarily; the churches can still marshal immense reserves of preference for childish concepts) and so Allee is not in conflict with authority at the University of Chicago, which is nominally Baptist, but under President Hutchins leans rather to Augustinian metaphysics. (Allee aims a deadly shot at modern metaphysics in Chapter 1.) But if he were living in portions of Central Europe today, he would be in a concentration camp.

I shall come back to the utterances that would make him liable to such a fate. It would be unfair to the objective and carefully built up approach of this book, to rush forward with portions of his conclusions torn from all context. The chapter "Human Implications" is quite hidden away not only at the back of the book, but behind the bread-and-butter title, just as the author meant it to be. If you won't learn first what you ought to know, the distinguished animal experimenter is not going to give you your piece of cheese.

For he has been at work for thirty years of painstaking research, and he gives you the results, in popularized form, of what must be, cumulatively, hundreds of years of experiment by his colleagues. You and I will not, probably, ever read the reference Bayer, E. 1929, "Beiträge zur Zweikomponententheorie des Hungers," *Zeitsch. f. Psych.* 112:1-54, though we certainly ought to do so, I imagine, before we insist that the populations of Central Europe are driven toward war by hunger. And before we assure ourselves that everything will be all right if Chamberlain gives Germany colonies, we should try volume 41 of the *American Journal of Sociology* and read Whelpton, P. K., 1935, on "Why the Large Rise in the German Birth Rate?" There are facts that seven million New Yorkers, of disgeneric breeds, ought perhaps to know about social relationships between individuals, in Blatz, Millichamp, and Charles "The Early Social Development of the Dionne Quintuplets," but which of us subscribes to the *Child Development Series* of the University of Toronto? In Allee's book the gist of these references, and one hundred and twenty-nine others, is there, and so too is that suggestive study in the way dictators are made, by the formidable Norwegian, Schjelderup - Ebbe, on the peck-order among barnyard chickens. And if you don't know about the peck-order, I'll unmask your ideology, right here before everybody:



"Man is in some ways different from other animals, but only in details" . . . (From the jacket of "The Social Life of Animals.")

> When two chickens meet for the first time [we learn] there is either a fight or one gives way without fighting. If one of the two is immature while the other is fully developed, the older bird usually dominates. Therefore when these two meet, the one which has acquired the peck-right, that is, the right to peck another without being pecked in return, exercises it except in the event of a successful revolt which, with chickens, rarely occurs . . .
>
> A superior may peck a subordinate severely, or lightly, or it may threaten to do so. It usually turns its head, points its bill toward the subordinate and takes a few steps in that direction. It may then give a low deep characteristic sound which frequently accompanies an actual peck, and stretch its neck up and out without the resulting peck which it seems just ready to administer.

Turn now to your morning newspaper and discover the peck-order of our political poultry.

Now, of course, it may be objected at once that men are not animals. Who says they are not? From the biological viewpoint that is precisely what they are, and no end of confusion has been interjected into a proper perspective on human affairs by the untenable assertion that Man is a being apart, whose social, instinctive, neural, and cerebral processes cannot be understood or judged from the standpoint of general zoölogy.

Biologically, this is rubbish. Man is in some ways different from other animals, but only in details, as hummingbirds are different from chimney-swifts. In the philosophy of a biologist, no human ideal, project, legislative or theological law that contradicts general biological facts is going to stand. If it is biologically shaky, machine guns will not hold it up, neither will threats of hell-fire, promises of heaven, or the expenditure of all the gold reserves in the world. Every human institution, dictum, project, or promise, whether based on the beliefs of Christ or Marx, of Gandhi or Secretary Wallace, sooner or later makes submission to biological fundamentals. (Though it almost always maintains outward fictions.)

Let me call in witness the attempts of many leaders to regulate sex, from Paul of Tarsus, who advised Christians to accept if possible complete sexual abstinence, on to Benito Mussolini, who has put the whole resources of violent fascism at the services of a higher birth rate. The total effect of every attempt is just the same as if nobody had tried to do anything about the birth rate. According to the *Statesman's Year Book*, the Italian birth rate fell over twelve per cent from 1922 to 1936, following the downward curve that was predicted for it by vital statisticians years before.

A French artillery captain in a café on the Italian border, told me that war was necessary because there were too many people in Europe. The results of the war he was just too young to have fought in, proved that war has no lasting effect of the sort he desired. About one million Frenchmen were killed, but his countrymen, and countrywomen, trudged right along with the business of begetting; they simply obliterated the war effects, and it is hard to see how my artilleryman will reduce Europe's high blood pressure even by bigger and better wars. Allee brings this out clearly. He begins way back with aquatic isopods, protozoans, planarians, fairy shrimps, black-headed gulls, and minnows, and moves irresistibly on to the Dionnes, to college classes, and the fitness of the Chinese to survive the Japanese war.

> Anyone who attempts to maintain the thesis that wars do keep racial stocks vigorous . . . is troubled by the Chinese people. This frequently invaded land was populated by the forerunners of the present Chinese during the days when Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, and Persia were fighting wars recorded in our general histories. Those warlike peoples have lost their racial vigor, but the Chinese, who have been relatively peaceful, have retained it. This stumbling block cannot be removed by denying racial vigor to the Chinese; they have, in the past, absorbed too many conquerors, and have occupied and are occupying by peaceful penetration too much of the earth's territory, to be dismissed as a racially decadent people. There are anthropologists who reckon them biologically the most advanced people living today.

Unfortunately, Allee's book cannot be made compulsory reading for dictators and foreign militarists. But I challenge American theorists of all sorts to read it and hold their beliefs unmodified. The biological viewpoint strikes me as the only completely objective one by which

(*Continued on page* 16)

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"Of Major Stature . . ."

EAST OF THE GIANTS. By George R. Stewart. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

AT first I thought of beginning this review somewhat as follows:—A new American novelist of major stature has been born; to be precise, he was born in Pennsylvania about forty-three years ago. You have known him as the historian of the Donner Party, in "Ordeal by Hunger," and as the biographer of Bret Harte and "John Phoenix." You will know him from now on as the author of "East of the Giants." His name is George R. Stewart.

But then I realized that this opening would call for considerable justification. "What, exactly," asked a small voice, "do you mean by a novelist of major stature? Are you trying to say anything more than that you had a better time with 'East of the Giants' than with any but a handful of the newly written novels that you have read during the past quarter of a century?" "Yes, I am— I'm trying to say that Stewart is . . ." But at that point the small voice interrupted, and the interruption was the beginning of a duologue that can be set down most conveniently in the familiar play style. The voice is no stranger to me, and I prefer the older, Ciceronian form of its name, Alter Ego, to its latest alias, Charlie McCarthy.

Alter Ego. All right, you're trying to say that Stewart is a novelist of major stature. But what's that?

Ego. Well, that is— I suppose it's a very good novelist.

A. E. Nice talk! And what must a novelist do to be very good?

E. Why, write very good novels, of course.

A. E. There's a critic for you! Come clean. What makes a very good novel? Or maybe we'd better skip the whole thing.

E. Not at all. The kind of novel I mean must provide the reader not only with immediate pleasure, but with a lasting extension of experience.

A. E. How can you tell something is going to last until it's lasted?

E. Don't interrupt. I was just about to say that a novelist who wishes to communicate emotion and thought and experience must create knowable human beings acting in understandable relationships.

A. E. You said that a week or so ago when you were reviewing "The Fathers."

E. And I'm saying it again.

A. E. Economy drive, eh? O.K. What do you mean by knowable human beings?

E. People like Judith Hingham and Juan Godoy and Daniel Melton.

A. E. Friends of yours?

E. Don't try to be funny! You read "East of the Giants" at the same time I did.

A. E. That wasn't my fault—but let it go. So you like Judith Hingham?

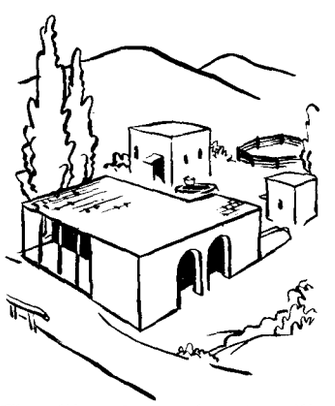
E. Of course I like her. More than that, I think she is one of the most memorable characters in American fiction.

A. E. I seem to have heard something like that before. It wouldn't be a cliché, would it?

E. I happen to mean it.

A. E. Isn't it too bad that so many of you reviewers so often say things that you don't mean that when you say something you do mean it doesn't mean anything, if you know what I mean? But why is she memorable?

E. Because this New England girl captures our imagination when we first meet her in Monterey harbor, in 1837, and because, as the years pass by and she is called upon to meet one crisis after another, she develops before our eyes as a vital, interesting, attractive, capable, and lovable woman, until we finally take our leave of her as the vaqueros stand above her body, twisting their hats in their hands and murmuring, *"Señora . . . blanca."* She is memorable because we feel that we have lived a lifetime with her, two lifetimes—the one that she spent with Juan and the one that she spent with Daniel Melton; the life of Rancho Amarillo, with its yearly cycle, only disturbed at first by rancher politics and an occasional clash with the Indians, then shaken by American marauders and American annexation, and finally destroyed by the gold that worked "like some fever in the blood"; and then that second . . .



"The life of Rancho Amarillo, with its yearly cycle" . . . (From the jacket of "East of the Giants.")

A. E. Aren't you running out of breath?

E. Perhaps. I hadn't noticed it. I was going on to Judith's life with Melton in the San Francisco of the 50's, but my thoughts were still lingering on those marvelous chapters that describe the life of the ranch when it stood like a little frontier fortress "in the days of the Indian fighting and the Conquest," with its mistress rising to every emergency, bearing her children, planting orchards, building latrines, coping with Antonia and Catalina, learning that Paquita meant nothing, saving Juan from dying from an Indian arrow wound, by her desperate dash to bring back the surgeon from the French frigate, and saving Melton's life, too, by wielding the scalpel herself. Then there was the time that Juan was hiding from the American soldiers. . . .

A. E. Sorry to break in again, but—Indian arrow wounds, soldiers and trappers! All sounds pretty romantic, doesn't it?

E. Romantic, perhaps. But it isn't romance. The definition which says that romance depends more on incident and the novel more on character is sound enough, but it needs a foot-note saying that the best novels have always been liberally supplied with incident, and exciting incident. Of course, there are different kinds of excitement. Stewart's incidents are proper to his subject-matter: California life and history from 1837 to 1861.

A. E. Then you'd call "East of the Giants" a historical novel?

E. All novels are historical. The bad ones, that disgrace the adjective, are those in which the gulf between novelist and history is unbridged or unbridgeable. Stewart is one with his subject. The land of California, to which he came as a child, lives in his eyes. The history of California is in his head and heart. He is not a writer of romance, but a realist in the best sense of the word. An English critic has recently written that Gissing's realism was an attempt to revenge himself upon the cruelty and ugliness of life, while Moore's was the pose of a writer adopting a fashion. And there are so-called realists, today, who wallow in vulgarity for vulgarity's sake. Stewart feels no need to revenge himself, he has no poses, and although nothing human is alien to his pages, he is never vulgar. His is the serene realism of the candid artist.

A. E. Whew! You talk about this fellow the way a jitterbug talks about Benny Goodman—as though he had everything.

E. Everything is too big a word. But I am sure of a good many things that he has in "East of the Giants." He has a rich, full-bodied subject, and a style that is equal to every one of its demands. He has the ability to shape characters in the round and to tell what the years do to them. He can convey, as inferior novelists never can, a real feeling of duration. His sense of proportion is exact and his dramatic emphasis unerring. He builds "big" scenes, but these scenes are natural peaks in a range of narrative as solidly integrated as the Sierra Nevada. He has a vision of life that includes, equally apprehended, the forces of light and the forces of darkness. And, best of all from the popular point of view, he tells a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.

A. E. Those are tall words, brother! But it's your funeral. Let your conscience be your guide. I'm checking out.

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A Thousand-Year Program

POWER, A NEW SOCIAL ANALYSIS. By Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

SO provocative a book as this cannot be reviewed adequately in six hundred words. Any reader, even one so much inclined to agree with Bertrand Russell as is the present writer, will be tempted to take up his arguments seriatim, devoting critical comment to each.

Mr. Russell's prime contention is that "the fundamental concept in social science is Power in the same sense in which Energy is the fundamental concept in physics." On this, his First Principle, the author must expect to meet direct criticism not only from Marxists but also from orthodox economists who hold economic self-interest to be the fundamental social motive. That Mr. Russell will be able to counterattack successfully is indicated by the extended historical analyses he has made of power in its various forms—priestly, kingly, economic, propagandist, and the like; also by his brief but illuminating excursions into philosophy, ethics, and political science.

If such a basic controversy should follow the publication of "Power," it will, of course, simply signalize the reopening of an ancient debate. On almost every page of the book, however, the reader encounters minor challenging statements, each of which may serve as the starting point of quite new disputations. Is it true, for example, that "the power of what passes as learning is greatest in the most savage communities, and steadily decreases as civilization advances?" Certain teachers of ethics will criticize, while most economists will applaud, the assertion that "nothing improves the moral level of a community as much as an increase of wealth, and nothing lowers it so much as diminution of wealth." May it be assumed that "the United States, whether a combatant or not, will be the only victor in the next Great War?" Perhaps there will be no victors after that cataclysm: in any event, if Mr. Russell is right, the prophecy would justify us in remaining neutral. Less debatable perhaps than the foregoing is the author's selection of Buddha and Christ, Pythagoras and Galileo, as the four men who have had more power than any others.

Pleasantly interspersed with classical and hymnological quotations, Mr. Russell's pages present on the whole a severely scientific analysis of power, its various forms, permutations, manifestations, and consequences. Thus his aim is much the same as that of Professor Charles E. Merriam's "Political Power," published four years ago. In scope Mr. Russell's book is broader, in treatment more scintillating, but it has the defects of these qualities and, as indicated above, is open to attack at many points. Behind the scientific purpose of the more recent study there is also a well defined practical objective, that of reducing the amount of the worst form of power, *i.e.*, so-called "naked power." This is defined as power not based upon tradition and assent. While resort to it is unavoidable at times, fortunately brief for the most part, the result of too much naked power on the masses of mankind is a life "no better than a dull misery punctuated with moments of sharp terror." The author's program for the avoidance of naked power involves among other things political democracy plus state ownership, with democratic control, of land and large scale industry. Many of its details are as novel and suggestive as they are debatable. One of them provides for omni-partisan newspapers; another that a confession shall never be accepted as evidence in courts of law. Considering the conditions laid down for its universal acceptance, among them the elimination of war, and the raising of the standard of living for the population of the whole world, particularly in India, China, and Japan, to the level reached by the United States before 1929, it is evident that we have here what Brand Whitlock used to call a "program for a thousand years."

Robert C. Brooks, of the faculty of Swarthmore, is the author of "Deliver Us from Dictators."

Graft and Human Nature

PUBLIC PLUNDER. By David Loth. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THIS book should be read by disillusioned idealists who believe that the world is growing worse and worse. For those who believe in the good old days when men were honest and women were true and life was like a story book, this history of American graft will be a bracer. For the moral of Mr. Loth's four hundred-page fable is that the good old days of political honesty just never were in the United States (and inside this parenthesis one may set up the hypothesis that they never were anywhere else). It is stimulating for an optimist to know that our forefathers were grafters and that corruption in politics was as prevalent in the days of the American Colonies, two or three hundred years ago, as it is today. Mr. Loth, in four hundred thrilling episodical pages, points out the fact that wherever politics touches a gainful life, politics is corrupted.

Cochrane & Wilson, Inc.
David Loth

This book, "Public Plunder," might be called, "The Sinful History of American Politics." For in the book is the narrative of political knavery in the United States in every phase of our history. Here is the graft story of Colonial times when the grafter battened upon Washington's army. It follows through the first years under our Constitution into Jackson's time and Lincoln's, when the war profiteers of the Civil War were bloated vultures. On it goes through Grant's administration and the days of Tweed and Tammany, considering the avaricious contractors of the Spanish-American war, the postal thieves under the first Roosevelt, and so on it rolls through Harding's day and the oil grafters to the crooks who are growing as fat as skippers in the cheese of the New Deal. The story is an unbroken chain of calamitous and shameful circumstances.

While this source-book of graft may be disillusioning to the apostles of perfection, it will be read cheerfully by those who are learning for the first time the discouraging facts of politics, to wit, that a certain number of men, exposed to an opportunity to steal, embrace it. The number is probably not greater now than it ever was, nor, on the whole, are the opportunities for loot larger. Graft and grafters are a part of the scheme of things, part of man's sad and sordid nature.

But a whole book of it is like a book of Rabelaisian indecency—somehow it palls. Nevertheless, the book should be compulsory reading for star-eyed yearners. It will cure them of being smart about the evils of our times. The evils of our times are the evils of human nature. Mr. Loth's remedy for graft is to abolish the capitalist system—that is to say, production for profit. He is entitled to hold his hypothesis so long as it can only be an hypothesis. But he might run over to Moscow and learn to his sorrow that the purges which are slaughtering intriguers and wreckers and Trotskyites by the thousand are just punishing the grafters, good old-fashioned grafters like the Americans who have the same itching lust for the game of power under modified communism that the rest of us have for the love of money under capitalism. Human nature is still human nature. The angels haven't started breeding yet.

William Allen White is the editor of The Emporia Gazette.

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Book of Genesis

THE DOOR OF LIFE. By Enid Bagnold. New York: William Morrow and Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NOTHING in this beautiful book will be news to any woman who has borne children. Whether those women will be enthusiastic about it is another question. We learn from the wrapper that a portion of the story was printed in the *Ladies' Home Journal* (a man-edited magazine). I wish I knew what the *L. H. J.* blue pencilled. It would be an interesting study in masculine taboo. Enid Bagnold gives us, with candor and subtlety, an inward-gazing study of the companionship between a woman and her child, in the days just before and just after birth. At a time when so much of the world's attention is upon the destruction of life, this tender and explicit revelation of lifegiving is a thrill to enjoy. But I fear it probes too clinical, too frank, too tender, to please maternal readers. A deep and I daresay a wise instinct usually withholds the creators of life from articulate comment on the dreamy strangeness of its process.

For fathers, however, this is superb. Hardly since the famous childbirth in the Shandy family has the drama of a household in parturition been so astonishingly rendered. But in this story the father is appropriately removed from the scene; he has gone off on a three months' business trip to Bombay, and his magnificent madonna is in charge of the household—four children already, and seven in the "staff." I have a certain amount of sympathy with that absent sire. Enormously I enjoy the upper-class fiction of Britain, with its butlers and parlormaids, kitchenmaids, nurserymaids, gardeners, scullery boys, and Mrs. Cook looming (terrific figure) in the background. How does the Old Man (I wonder patiently to myself) earn a living for all that "staff"? But those are the things no one ever mentions in well-bred fiction. The American reader will get a lot of innocent fun out of the comedy of British housekeeping somewhere in Sussex. It appears they have servant problems there too.

I am trying first to point out, clumsily, that this book has much humor. Even anyone who has never kept house in Britain or read Margaret Halsey will relish Enid Bagnold's innocent revelations of the British Stately Home. The gaiety that delighted us all in "National Velvet" is here in full measure; and the same masterly delineations of the different children, each sharply identified and understood. The same quality of acute observation and freshly vitalized writing is here. Passage after passage, some of beauty and some of clearest intuition, plead for quotation. I choose only one, surely one of the most remarkable descriptions ever written of an unborn child:

> Hanging head downwards between cliffs of bone was the baby, its arms all but clasped about its neck, its face aslant upon its arms, hair painted upon its skull, closed secret eyes, a diver poised in albumen, ancient and epic, shot with delicate spasms, as old as a Pharaoh in its tomb.

But beyond humor this book explores deep beauty and universal feeling. The character of the Squire—so the mother is called in the absence of the titular head of the house—is livingly before us. For the moment, in the crisis of these few weeks, she is scarcely of either sex but is the fundamental stuff of all humanity.

Dorothy Wilding

Enid Bagnold "gives us . . . an inward-gazing study of the companionship between a woman and her child" . . .

She feels herself one of an endless frieze of women, the generations following each other round the curve of a Greek vase; or an archway through which life itself passes. That neutral and specific phase will pass—as we know well enough by observation; the Squire herself is too much a woman to retire permanently into hypermaternal acquiescence. She is only forty-four, and I am pretty sure that when the Old Man gets back from Bombay she will be the first to hanker for a trip to Town and some frolic. Her friend Lady Caroline, across the way, a person of many wooers and late limousines, is introduced as a contrast of irresponsible restlessness and to show that lovers are nothing compared to having children. So for the moment, and to serve her purpose as protagonist in humanity's oldest and strangest adventure, the Squire must represent maternity in triumph. Man is offstage, irrelevant except for service—as in Pratt, the gloomy butler, or in the brilliantly suggested Doctor.

Enid Bagnold has remarkable powers; not least of them a sharply substantive sense of *things*. With no laborious contriving she makes the house and all its surroundings suggestively actual, influential. And she shows the delight and despair of the human spirit which finds itself so incomprehensibly mixed up with all these tangibles and carnals. She has dared a dangerous job, and gazed "with eye serene, at the very pulse of the machine." It seems to me a notable success; a cry in praise of life in a world bent upon death. It really is a Book of Genesis.

Portrait of an Artist

FOX IN THE CLOAK. By Harry Lee. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

NOW we shall be seeing the spirit of Thomas Wolfe in every portrait of the American artist as a young man. This kind of autobiography, in which he was preëminent, has been one of literature's enduring forms, and so long as young men walk in our midst, with their terrible secret of talent gnawing at them under the cloak, we shall have more of these records. They are all welcome. They not only admit us to an understanding of the spirits we most need to understand, the solitary ones, the dreamers, the makers, but they also give us a sharp-angled view of society that we can get only from them. It is not a question of realism or honest reporting so much as being able to see the world through the eyes of the maverick, which the artist always is. When the portrait is well done we have been given a fresh view of our familiar world, and it is pleasant to say that Mr. Lee's first novel is such a portrait, very thoroughly and soundly done.

His artist, Neil Glass, is a young painter in Atlanta. We follow his development from boyhood through the critical years of youth, always with the fierce ambition hugged close, the feel for color and line, the eye for freshness, the sensitive mind. Mr. Lee has very wisely shown these things in action in the smallest details of Neil's life. His encounters at school, his studies, his relationships with his father and mother, his growth both physical and mental, his movements in all sorts of alien environments, and his eager plunging into the one he has been seeking—the portrait is built up out of a multitude of vital data, carefully observed. If there is anything we lack it is articulate passion, for Mr. Lee has written his book with an unusual detachment that would be welcome in almost any kind of story except this one. Here we miss the direct feel of Neil's emotions; they are too many layers deep. We miss immediacy. We feel as though we were seeing his life clearly enough, through a telescope. I believe Mr. Lee's next books will profit by more unbridled speech.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Substitutes for a Menace

WE were saying, two weeks ago, that in a time of crisis, books on current events cannot compete with newspapers. Neither can magazines. An editorial writer on a weekly publication hesitates to discuss a situation which may take a surprising turn for better or worse after the editorial goes to press but before it is published, making outdated nonsense of it. A similar nightmare must even haunt the writers of editorials for the daily papers, a fear that events may take place overnight to turn their future tenses into past, their indicatives into subjunctives contrary to fact. We notice in a monthly magazine the announcement of an article, to appear in its November issue, entitled, "Will Young England Fight?" We hope that the question will still be hypothetical when the article appears.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to see anybody who can get excited over some issue that is not the paramount issue. For instance, E. B. White, inaugurating a new department in *Harper's Magazine*—which, curiously, is both quite similar to and quite different from the Notes and Comments page of *The New Yorker*—is excited about the future of television and the present and past of testimonial advertising. The news of television he regards as "tremendously important—more so than the ebb and flow of armies." He makes out a good case for it, too, and we hope he is right. "I believe," writes Mr. White, "that television is going to be the test of the modern world, and that in this new opportunity to see beyond the range of our vision we shall discover either a new and unbearable disturbance of the general peace or a saving radiance in the sky. We shall stand or fall by television—of that I am quite sure."

Mr. White is one of the few first-rate essayists alive, and his paragraphs were not written to be isolated from their context and picked over; but the opportunity to look upon television as a menace is irresistible, and under the present circumstances one to be grateful for. Nothing provides a better escape from a real menace than an imaginary menace. A man whose house is being burgled can probably do no better, provided he carries burglary insurance, than lock himself up in a room and read Edgar Wallace. Unfortunately Mr. White doesn't convince us that television is going to be more than just another bad habit, like radio. The trouble with radio is not so much what comes over the air, however idiotic some of the material, however blatant some of the salesmanship; the fastidious can always turn it off and save it for their favorite symphony program. The trouble with radio is that more and more unfastidious people seem to leave their sets on all day long without listening at all—while they play bridge or read or carry on a conversation. The same thing may easily happen with television, when the novelty wears off and we see that the new device is transmitting the same old stuff.

No, we are afraid that television won't do as a substitute menace. How about testimonial advertising? According to Mr. White, it is "a rather cheap little conspiracy to debase the stature of man. . . . In company with a million other concessions to honor, it is the termite in this country's sill. It elevates the spurious to a position of dignity in the community and proves that it pays not to care." But we can't see this as a menace either; sooner or later testimonial advertising will stop selling cigarettes, if it hasn't already done so without the advertising men's knowing it, and then it will go into eclipse. Furthermore, a lot of people do care, but most of them are people without access to the public prints, or people who shrink from publicity, so that we don't hear much about them.

Mr. White continues: "There is a curious family resemblance between the American system of bushwa and the new European system of government. . . . Here, the propaganda is a loose, sprawling lie, covering a multitude of hookups; there, it is a tightly knit lie with a burning purpose. That's the chief difference. Ten thousand jitterbugs, swaying in the stadium to the rather obvious rhythm of a jam session, are a healthier sight than the same number of Aryan youths whose mass ecstasy is tainted with the Higher Good of the State; but the rhythm is the same, the look in the eye, the too bright look in the eye, the same." Well, yes and no, but chiefly no. If the boys and girls want a too bright look in their eyes, let them get it from Benny Goodman, not from a military band. Youth can't march to a swing tune. Youth doesn't want to march as long as it can dance; and it is better to listen to a saxophone from choice than to a dictator from necessity, better to be an alligator than a soldier. However, we're glad Mr. White brought these matters up; it took our mind off a lot of other things.

Lines on Entering and Leaving a Meadow

BY GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

TRILLIONS of crickets jump in a pretty
Wave either side of my skirts as I pass
Sleepy and happy, just come from the city
Delighted with grass.

As if I were steering in pale gold seas
Where drops of water leap away from the prow
I walk in this old meadow waved to the knees
By windy shadow.

Activity here a plenty and a stately progress.
Earth herself is a planet-boat
Running to autumn country of no dress
With snow for a coat.

I think of ships. And the earth cleaving
The verge of whitening cold is a ship.
This meadow is the front-deck. We are leaving
The warmth for a trip.

When we come back we will be older
By a solar year both earth and I.
Before that we must prepare for colder
Zones, for maelstrom in the sky.

Back to the trillions of crickets certain next year . . .
With earth as solid as ever and men
Deep in history, uncosmic and unclear.
With luck I will come here again.

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Letters to the Editor: *The Adams Family; How to Light a Pipe*

Miss Simonds's Review

SIR:—Katherine Simonds's article in this week's *SRL* seems to me the most brilliant and important commentary I have ever read upon the mysterious personalities of Henry Adams and his wife.

I should like to convey to her my thanks for her analysis of Henry Adams's character, for her succinct and completely satisfying statement of the reason for Marian Adams's suicide, and also for the unforgettable adjectives "rootless, purposeless, and desperate" with which she describes her.

I shall watch with interest for other reviews by Miss Simonds.

ANNA H. B. WILSON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Weller's Pipe (1)

SIR:—May I reply to Mr. Austin's letter in your issue of September 17th regarding Mr. Weller's Pipe?

The trick of lighting described by Dickens I have seen many times in Ireland and in England. Over there, it is, or was, customary to use a tin cover on the pipe outdoors, probably because of wind and rain. The cover was detachable, and concave to fit tightly. Before refilling the pipe the still burning embers of the previous pipeful were shaken out into the tin cover; then the pipe was filled and pressed down, and the burning embers dumped on top. This saved time, matches and tobacco.

Evidently Dickens knew what he was talking about in this as in most instances.

JOSHUA W. SMITH.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Weller's Pipe (2)

SIR:—An amusing thing has just happened. As I was reading Mr. Charles A. Austin's letter in today's *SRL* on the subject of Dickens's knowledge or lack of knowledge of pipes, I found myself doing the following: I filled my pipe from a tin box in my pocket; and lighting my pipe from the ashes of the old one, commenced to smoke at a great rate.

Mr. Austin, a pipe smoker of many more years than I, evidently hasn't learned this trick. And obviously Dickens had.

It is very simple. When you have been smoking and all that remains is a small, glowing ash, the trick is to put the fresh tobacco on top of this ash—and smoke backwards! No match used, but a fine smoke results.

Dickens, I declare, was right once again.

W. H. FETRIDGE.

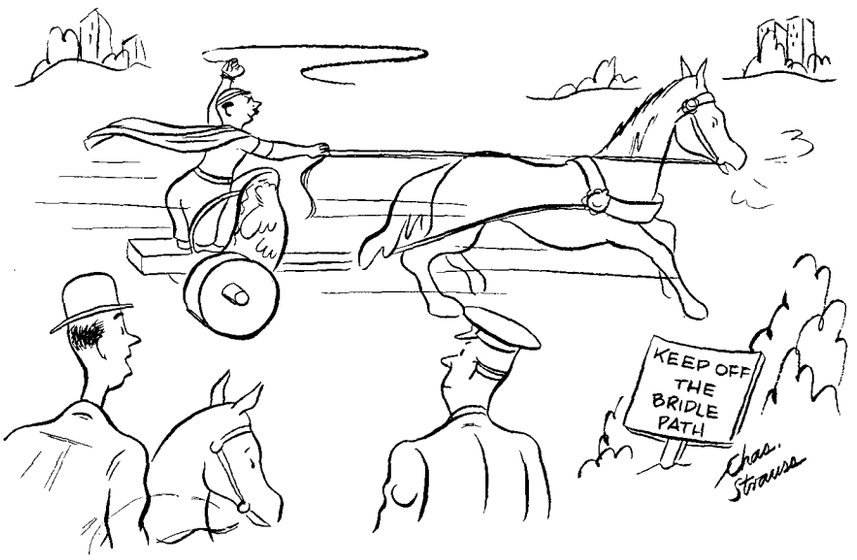
Chicago, Ill.

Celebration in Columbia City

SIR:—Mr. Morley in his article of September 10 did not know what author had recently been celebrated in Columbia City, Indiana. As we drove leisurely through that town (observing the speed laws), last June 20th, it was apparent that White Banners were flying for Lloyd C. Douglas ("Magnificent Obsession," "Green Light," etc.). It was "Welcome Home, Lloyd Douglas" at every store-window, street intersection, and filling station, with the world premiere of the film "White Banners" at a local theatre. Columbia City was his birthplace. We could not stay, having a date that afternoon at Kenyon College over in Ohio, but we have often wondered if a good time was had by all.

RICHARD E. MCEVOY.

Iowa City, Iowa.



"I see the Major has been reading 'Ben-Hur' again!"

Who Wrote It?

SIR:—Many years ago I recall having read a short story involving the case of a farm woman who moved to the town and found fault with the white bread she was compelled to eat instead of the brown bread in the country. To the best of my vague recollection, the author was Tolstoy, but I have not been able to find the story anywhere.

I wonder if there is some literary detective among your readers who, with the above vague clue, could help me to identify the story and the author.

J. F. M.

New York City.

The Double-Crostic Diagrams

SIR:—I don't think it makes much difference whether the diagram is above or below in the DCs. . . . To my mind the main thing is to keep on giving us Mrs. K's DCs. Sorry there aren't two a week.

M. J. GREENEBAUM.

Chicago, Ill.

Two-Handed Work

SIR:—Regarding the recommendation of F. Gregory Hartswick, that the diagram be placed below the definitions, I would be in favor. In any event it is two-handed work, with the left index finger on the letter which one leaves to transplant to the diagram, but even so it were better altered. And particularly so for duets who like to solve them.

HAROLD F. SMITH.

Kalispell, Mont.

Logic vs. Poetry

SIR:—Mr. F. Gregory Hartswick's poetic suggestion *in re* the format of Mrs. Kingsley's Perfect Puzzles (*SRL*, Sept. 10th) was a clever bit of verse, especially his run-on line and manufactured rhyme for *bottom* with *Osawatom*—Ie Brown. Logic is never well-dressed in poetry, so we are using prose as follows: IF the DOUBLE-CROSTICS really were true CROSS-WORD PUZZLES in the ordinary meaning of the term, which, of course, they are not, then Mr. Hartswick's suggestion to put the diagram at the bottom of the page might have validity. Suggestion overruled.

GEORGE W. LYON.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Readers so far are about equally divided on Mr. Hartswick's proposal to print the diagram below the definitions.—ED.)

"The Waveless Plain"

SIR:—By amputating the first paragraph of my review of "The Waveless Plain," you made it appear that Walter Starkie's latest book is chiefly devoted—or that I read it as being chiefly devoted—to his "Calabrian and Sicilian meanderings." This false impression is of no importance, probably, to anyone but reviewer and author, and it may not be important even to the latter; but I should not like Dr. Starkie to think that I had overlooked the chapters that describe his wartime and post-war experiences in Liguria, on "the waveless plain of Lombardy," in the mountains of the north, and elsewhere in Italy. Nor should I like to have him think that I had ignored his most picturesque characters and companions: the gypsy hunchback Cesare, Aldo the Mafiuzo, and the portly drab Suzanna.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

Hollywood, Calif.

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View of Derwentwater and Skiddaw Mount, from "Farewell the Banner."

"Poor Coleridge"

FAREWELL THE BANNER: Coleridge, Wordsworth and Dorothy. By Frances Winwar. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

THE illustration on the front endsheet of this handsome volume is characteristic of the book as a whole. It purports to be a view of "Derwentwater and Skiddaw Mount from Dove Cottage"! To see Skiddaw and Derwentwater from Dove Cottage, one would have to possess telescopic eyes capable of piercing many miles of rock. No less impossible is it to behold Coleridge and Wordsworth as the great poets they surely were, by peering into petty details of their mortal existence, magnifying their faults and gloating over every sordid circumstance. A great poet is a priceless gift to mankind, to be cherished with gratitude and veneration, and though an honest and candid biographer must not exclude important facts unfavorable to the person about whom he writes, on the other hand it is unnecessary and harmful to emphasize, and still more to invent, degrading qualities or incidents.

This book, which has the merit of being the product of much reading and is itself easy to read, begins as a biographical novel based on the early life of S. T. Coleridge. Of biographical fiction there has been more than enough since M. Maurois's "Ariel," and it would seem that poor Coleridge might have been spared. "Poor Coleridge," because his woes were real—a malformed body, an almost lifelong illness, the tyrannical opium habit, a will too weak to guide his towering intellect, an unhappy marriage. There was enough excess of sensibility in him without exaggerating his youthful follies. One might suppose, from Mrs. Winwar's account, that he spent his college years in debauchery. For this there is no proof, and we know he read copiously at Cambridge and frequented the society of serious men.

In spite of the many liberties taken by her romantic pen, the author gives a fairly correct idea of Coleridge's character and behavior through the years of his pantisocratic fervor and his connection with the scheme for migrating to the banks of the Susquehanna, and the great fruitful period, 1797-1798, when he and Wordsworth stimulated each other to poetic activity. Her purpose in the rest of the book seems to be to create a picture of Wordsworth as a hard-hearted, unappreciative egoist, who blighted Coleridge's hopes, accepted his adoration without return, checked his poetic fervor, and broke his heart. She makes much of the undeniable fact that Wordsworth wished to exclude "The Ancient Mariner" from the second edition of their joint publication, "Lyrical Ballads," his reason no doubt being not jealousy but a sense of its incongruity with his own plain-style poems. She finds fault with William and Dorothy for objecting to Coleridge's much too fervent fondness for their young sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson. Of his unwelcome philandering with her there is abundant evidence, which Mrs. Winwar exploits to the utmost extent, adding much sentimental imagining of her own. Scant mention, if any, is made of the constant anxiety about Coleridge's health shown by the Wordsworths, their efforts to keep in touch with him in his wanderings and help him in his domestic misery, or of the generous hospitality they long continued giving to him and his children. Their love was through many years the mainstay of his life, their home his refuge, where he could from time to time recover his "sense of past Youth and Manhood come in vain."

The poems not only of Wordsworth, but of Coleridge too, would lose much of their divine effect for anyone who had read this book before coming to them. Mrs. Winwar has read the biographies and correspondence of both poets with admirable industry, but has read too much between the lines. Her book is neither straight fiction nor sound biography. It is excessively sentimental and gives an unfair impression of two great benefactors of mankind. Much of its rhetoric is cheap, and the grammar is often incorrect.

George McLean Harper is the author of several books on Wordsworth, including a standard biography.

Man in Danger

MARCHING ORDERS. By I. V. Morris. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SLOANE

IN spite of the title, there is nothing about either war or soldiers in Mr. Morris's novel. Its central and only important character is as unmilitary a person as could well be imagined, a pudgy Greek tailor of fifty with a shop on a fashionable Paris boulevard. Mr. Costas is hardly the sort of man to receive any kind of marching orders; his pleasures are too domestic. He loves his soft, plump, lazy wife, his children, the evening of food, talk, and Greek wine at the cafe of his friend Zafiropoulas.

The author makes Aleko Costas amazingly real. You can almost smell the heavy cooking in the air of his overfurnished apartment and feel with his own sensuous delight the rich, smooth fabrics in his shop. When one of his customers defaults on a bill, you sympathize with Mr. Costas because he has to take a second-hand airplane in exchange for the bad debt. And even when a strange excitement seizes him at the thought of the air and he begins to take flying lessons, it is all so natural that you are led along more by a feeling of tolerant interest in Mr. Costas than by any plot which the author appears to have constructed.

Just where you will first feel the barb concealed in the story depends on how long you can read about Mr. Costas without discovering that he is a man in danger. Perhaps something about the enthusiasm with which he takes to this new enterprise of flight, or the unwitting way in which he walls himself off from the safe commonplaces of his everyday life, will suddenly seem unnatural to you. Wherever it occurs, you will suddenly realize that the author has laid his trap from the beginning of the book, that this apparently pleasant character sketch of Mr. Costas is nothing of the kind.

It would be unfair to the suspense and craft of Mr. Morris's writing to be more specific about his plot. He has written it with understanding, ingenuity, meticulous timing, everything except the clinching magic of a superb style. Somehow, the book lacks the overtones and undertones of the mind that would have made it unforgettable. But for all that "Marching Orders" is decidedly worth reading, a novel written on two levels of perception and successful in this difficult enterprise, even if it is not triumphant. It belongs to that increasingly numerous group of stories about adventures of the mind, and it puts this reader in mind of a sentence of Dr. C. G. Jung's: "For the thing that happens in the mysterious hour of life's noon is the reversal of the parabola, the birth of death."

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A Philosophy of History

OUT OF REVOLUTION: Autobiography of Western Man. By Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1938. $6.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IT takes all kinds of antagonisms to make a world—Republicans against Democrats, pessimists against optimists, and those who put salt on their cantaloupe against those who put sugar on it. Each side scorns the other with an intensity not always measured by the dignity and importance of the issues involved. One of the oldest of these antagonisms—it dates at least from "The Frogs" of Aristophanes — is that between the party of the Head and the party of the Heart. Like most of the quarrels which concern only the intellectuals, it is complicated by the variety of abstract terms under which it is fought out. Some like to see it as Classic against Romantic; others as Rationalist against Mystic. Jane Austen put it with characteristic neatness: Sense and Sensibility.

In this long struggle the angels have usually, rightly enough, been on the side of the heart, and Mr. Rosenstock-Huessy has taken a firm stand with the angels. One of his chapters is headed "Farewell to Descartes." His book is a long farewell —eight hundred pages—and very complete. "If we are forced to agree," he writes, "that every It is also an Ego, and every Ego contains the It, the whole nomenclature of subject and object is revealed as ambiguous." Certainly no narrow-minded devotee of the head, no one bound by the trammels of clear thinking, ever wrote that sentence.

Quotation apart from context is no doubt a worse form of treason than the proverb makes translation to be, and we must try to make clear what is in Mr. Rosenstock-Huessy's book. The effort must largely fail, for you can't outline a rhapsody. Formally "Out of Revolution" is a philosophy of history based largely on the last nine hundred years of European history. Its philosophy is an unavowed and fairly cheerful form of Hegelianism. Mr. Rosenstock-Huessy rejects the totalitarian state in both its fascist and communist forms as the solution of the present stage of the dialectical process, though his own solution is not clear. We are to preserve our honor and our sense of humor, and add to the liberties won by our past revolutions freedom for growth and health, guaranteed by the protecting principle of the public character of labor. We are (this is of course a wicked Cartesian twist given by the reviewer) to have our cake and eat it, a desirable achievement not often attained by anyone but a philosopher.

The history in "Out of Revolution" is extensive and quite up to the standards of the philosophy of history. Mr. Rosenstock-Huessy is prepared to bear with equanimity the piddling criticisms of professional specialists, who will have no trouble in finding minor errors of fact in their own fields. His supply of facts, however, seems generally sound enough. It is his interpretations, his startling, and in the unkind sense the word has for the party of the Head, his *poetic* comparisons that look screwy. Thomas Paine and Noah, it seems, were brothers under the skin. "The *natural* covenant between God and Noah and his sons took the place of the *Holy* covenant between God and Moses at Sinai. This is the original meaning behind 'the promise of America,' 'God's country,' and similar terms." The book is full of such extraordinary bits of insight, penetrating if your intuitions are profound enough to absorb them, plain cock-eyed if they aren't.

Though he has a scorn almost as intense as Mr. Sorokin's for contemporary social scientists who try to apply the methods of the physical scientists to the study of men in society, Mr. Rosenstock-Huessy has fallen into one of their worst habits, the addiction to word-coining. For "subject" and "object" he would substitute "traject" and "preject." Life today is a pandemonium, but "a polyphonic organization of life might make that pandemonium a panchronion." Since the suffix "ology" is inseparably tied up with the bad old alliance between the physical and the social sciences, he would substitute in all studies where living rather than dead stuff is the subject—sorry, the "traject"—the suffix "nomics." Thus "bionomics," not biology.

It is hard indeed for one of a temperament very different from Mr. Rosenstock-Huessy's to give a fair account of his book. But no one can read it with pleasure who is not fairly conversant with the intellectual history of Germany, for its author is very German. If you like Spengler, but were annoyed by his despairing anti-intellectualism, his apparent surrender to the Nazis, you will like Mr. Rosenstock-Huessy. He is as grandly and Teutonically metaphysical as Nietzsche or Spengler, but he is also a man of good will, kindly, liberal, a lover of the long tradition of leftist or popular revolutions he takes as the subject of his book. Perhaps we ought not to fear the Germans, even bearing gifts.

Crane Brinton is the author of "The Lives of Talleyrand" and "The Anatomy of Revolution."

The World Under Water

ZACA VENTURE. By William Beebe. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

IT is a high compliment to Dr. Beebe that he has consistently been able to beguile the non-scientific reader into swallowing a great many scientific facts of no nourishment to him whatsoever. What do most of us recall now of the curious hoatzins in "Jungle Peace," of the giant Conolophus in "Galapagos: World's End," of "thigmotaxis," with which he made such sport of us in one of the earlier books? Yet these oddities were very palatable once, sauced with Dr. Beebe's delightful style, and in this latest book his studies culled from the New York Zoölogical Society reports, and simplified for the layman, are equally fascinating.

William Beebe — "consistently able to beguile the non-scientific reader" . . .

His interest here is focussed more narrowly upon animal life than in his earlier books. There is less personal adventure, and even his companions on the schooner *Zaca* become so many vague faces peering at the creatures of the ancient world around Lower California, above and below the seas. The trip "took on the character of the spoor of a drop of water meandering down a dusty windowpane," with directions decided suddenly according to the fortune of the zoölogical loot. There are worlds within worlds infinitely to Dr. Beebe's eye, and his skill of description is such that the least of them is beautiful. Trolling, harpooning, fishing with nightlight, diving helmet or water glass, limping through the cactus of wild Clarion Island, learning (Dr. Beebe, the ichthyologist) to reel in marlin and "yelling loudly," always seeking to distinguish the precise differences in life of the two oceans bounding North America which have been separated for five million years, Dr. Beebe's adventures are as thick with suspense as an old Pearl White movie serial.

The zoölogical findings of the expedition may mean little to the average reader, but he will be poor in spirit indeed if he is not moved by the beauty and cruelty of Dr. Beebe's world.

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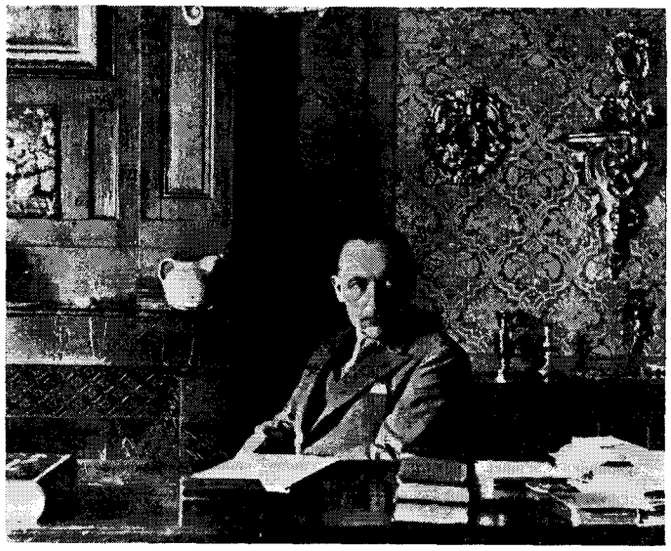
"The Salt of This World"

BY

GEORGE STEVENS



Jules Romains—"Men of Good Will! . . . May they find a sure means of recognizing one another, to the end that this world, of which they are the merit and the salt, may not perish!"

BY a startling coincidence, the new volume of "Men of Good Will,"* which brings the story up to the declaration of war in 1914, is published in the midst of a parallel European crisis. As events shift from day to day, it is impossible to draw a detailed parallel between 1914 and 1938, but details are unnecessary to underscore the similarity of the present situation to that of twenty-four years ago. As the world hovers on the brink of a new catastrophe, Jules Romains gives us, in "Death of a World," what is unquestionably the most complete and the most interesting panorama which fiction has yet provided of Europe facing the catastrophe of the first World War. The events are of 1914, the atmosphere and feeling are of 1938.

The timeliness of "Death of a World" is, of course, fortuitous. It is the seventh double volume—comprising the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of the French edition—of a work which the author began to project as long ago as 1920, and which began to be published in 1932. The story runs to date over a million and a quarter words, and it covers in considerable detail the activities of an enormous cast of characters from 1908 to 1914. It could hardly have been foreseen that history was going to repeat itself for the benefit of "Men of Good Will." Nevertheless, the result of this coincidence is to emphasize a fact which readers of "Men of Good Will" have already known—it represents the historical novel at its best, in that it illuminates not only the past but the present, and not only history but life. It is impossible to write other than superficial fiction about public events without the perspective of years, and "Death of a World"—although, like the preceding volumes of "Men of Good Will," it is only in part political—is the best expression in current fiction of the spirit of this year.

Unfortunately, however, "Death of a World" cannot be read independently; its episodes issue from all the narrative of the six earlier volumes. There is really no point in reviewing "Death of a World," except for those readers who have followed "Men of Good Will" from the beginning, and presumably they will read the new volume regardless of reviews. On the other hand, to try to win new readers for "Men of Good Will" at this late date, in the sixth year of American publication and after more than 3,000 pages, seems on the face of it the most hopeless assignment which a reviewer could possibly assume. However, that is exactly what this reviewer is going to attempt. A good book is never a lost cause.

This is not going to be a literary essay. It is not going to trace the development of Jules Romains's philosophy of unanimism through all his writings. It is not going to say anything about his other novels at all. A piece about Jules Romains in general would be an interesting enterprise to undertake, but it would be aside from the purpose of this piece. Nor do I intend to invoke the debased currency of critical language, to call "Men of Good Will" an epoch-making literary landmark or even a great book. I do not know whether it is a great book or not, in the sense that "War and Peace" is a great book, and neither does anybody else. It is not finished yet; nobody knows how many more volumes are to come, or how far into the present the narrative will be projected. All I am going to say is that "Men of Good Will" is the most interesting reading that is currently being unfolded for the fiction audience, and that those who have not read it, or who did not get beyond the first volume, have no idea of what they are missing.

That first volume I shall discuss later on. It is the necessary background for the complex organism of interrelated stories which follow, and which combine to provide a complete and dramatic picture of pre-war France, including every kind of character of which that society was composed—and of which ours too is composed, for we know them all, and can identify ourselves with some of them. The story is always in motion, events and relationships are constantly in the process of development, the feeling is always one of dramatic action, but never of melodrama. Public affairs figure largely in the narrative, but the central interest is always human, not political. There are at least ten full-length novels so far in "Men of Good Will," all of which reveal increasingly close relationships as they progress. The separate stories—or what are at first apparently separate stories—are ingeniously interwoven; each volume emphasizes one major line of development, but also carries on at least two others, so that the reader has the sensation of following several interesting novels at once. This is particularly true in the early volumes; but the design is so expertly carried out that there is never any sense of confusion. We can pick up, in Volume VI, a line of action which was left hanging in Volume III, without having to go back and look it up; we remember it perfectly, though we may have read it a year or two before. The Gallic mind is an instrument of precision and clarity; Romains has the ability to present each character so that when we meet him again, no matter how much has intervened, we have forgotten nothing about him. Moreover, later on, when the relationships of the different

* *DEATH OF A WORLD. (MEN OF GOOD WILL: VOL. VII.) By Jules Romains. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $3.*

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episodes are becoming apparent, there is no sense of interruption when we pass from one line of development to another; and in the latest volume, where the shadow of the war is dominating all the characters, the unity of the novel is finally revealed.

Although it is impossible to summarize "Men of Good Will," we can isolate some of the principal strands of the network. Most important of all is the story of the two students, Jallez and Jerphanion, who represent what all of us were at twenty-one. Their relationship—Jallez is introspective and a poet; Jerphanion keenly analytical but completely practical—is presented with a luminous understanding; their coming of age in pre-war Paris, their long walks together, their shared opinions and reminiscences, their attempts to find a basis for their lives in philosophy and experience, their gradually developing apprehension of the war-cloud hanging over their future—their entire careers come through to us with the poignant quality of lyrical evocation which can make life remembered more immediately real than life in process. Romains writes of them with imagination and beauty, but also, as of all his other characters, with psychological penetration and unforgettable clarity.

Also we read the story of Quinette, the solitary bookbinder who, in middle life, commits an elaborately plotted murder, for excitement. We read of the self-satisfied Baron de Champcenais, petroleum magnate and power behind politics, and of his wife's half-childish, half-sordid love affair with his partner, Sammécaud. We read with affection of Louis Bastide, the son of poor parents whose father is out of a job, and who does his best to help. We read of Louis's teacher, Clanricard, an innocent idealist who becomes a friend of Jerphanion, and the girl whom Jerphanion unwittingly, almost tragically, takes away from him. We read of Edmond Maillecottin, worker in an automobile factory, militant and class-conscious syndicalist, whose life is divided between work at the factory, union activity, and the disgusted attempt to prevent his sister from becoming a prostitute.

We follow, with developing comprehension of the great issues involved, the political career of Gurau, and see him compromise—for the best of reasons—with his honest intentions; we sit with him in the Chamber of Deputies through every "incident" from Agadir to Sarajevo; we see all his mistakes, and wonder if we could have done better in his place. We relax with the comfortable country squire, the Marquis de Saint-Papoul; we pursue the sleek, saturnine Abbé Mionnet through a fascinating labyrinth of church politics, and later to the Vatican. A misguided young idealist, Laulerque, takes us into a secret society which advocates assassination as a means of war-prevention; and we hear the shot fired at Briand. We share the literary life with a minor novelist, George Allory, who pulls strings for election to the Academy, fails, and seeks solace in the Parisian underworld. We follow with delighted amazement the progress of a practical but eccentric real-estate promoter named Haverkamp; he develops a suburban hotel where the staff doctor, Viaur, stumbles upon what may be an important medical discovery. Through the Baron de Champcenais we meet Zülpicher, a sinister manufacturer of munitions.

This barren résumé, which isolates only a few samples, gives no idea of the unfaltering narrative ability with which the stories are developed and interwoven; of the penetrating intelligence which knows all about these people, of the clarity of style which reveals them; of the author's attitude, which never becomes explicit or intrusive, but which can arouse the liveliest responses of interest and sympathy, or interest and contempt—but always interest—for his characters. This summary has given no idea of the fascinating chapters, seemingly irrelevant *tours de force*, which Romains introduces here and there—the birth of a baby, the private life of a successful artist, the activities of a ubiquitous and well-informed German spy, the amorous adventures of a small dog. It has given no idea of the superb skill, the nonchalant success, with which Romains brings actual personages directly on the stage—Jaurès, Poincaré, Briand, the Kaiser, Merry del Val, and even Lenin—without a note to falsify either their known characters or the texture of the fiction. Above all, it has given no idea of the feeling of progressive, dramatic development of events until an entire society is shown stumbling on the edge of the 1914 precipice.

It is impossible to distill any single "point" from "Men of Good Will," partly because the novel is unfinished, and in any case because Romains never oversimplifies, but presents both characters and events in all their natural complexity. There are no heroes and—except perhaps Quinette and Zülpicher—no villains. The coming of war, so far, is not ascribed to the responsibility of any individuals or groups, not even to the mistakes of those who, like Gurau, saw it coming and tried to prevent it.

"Men of Good Will! A benediction of old set out to winnow them from the crowd and claim their allegiance. May they once more, one of these days, be reassembled by 'good tidings'! May they find a sure means of recognizing one another, to the end that this world, of which they are the merit and the salt, may not perish!" That is from the preface. It would be too simple to say that it is the thesis of the novel. Nevertheless, something like it is in the undercurrent throughout. Is it what men of good will have in common that—while impotent to avert the tragic accidents of history or to overcome the forces of darkness—nevertheless makes life worth living? That again is too simple, but it is in the driving power of thought or vision that impels the narrative. And it is undoubtedly in the atmosphere of the world of 1938.

An attempt to give a definitive evaluation of "Men of Good Will" would be premature and ill-advised—I said that I don't know whether it is a great novel or not. Some people have called it journalism, by which I suppose they mean that it deals (among other things) with actual events, that the author has no explicit "philosophy," that the design, other than chronological, has, up to the new volume, been obscure. I honestly do not believe that those who call it journalism have read much of it. Journalism is what you get in newspapers and magazines, and you do not get Jallez and Jerphanion, Mionnet and Haverkamp, or even the small dog Macaire, in newspapers and magazines. As to "philosophy," it is implicit in the characters, where it belongs. I think that to call "Men of Good Will" journalism is an imbecility on the level of the abortive effort by certain other reviewers to make out that Romains is a fascist—when heaven and the readers of "Men of Good Will" know that if there is one novel which breathes the spirit of democracy, of individualistic France, this is it.

However, all I am trying to say is that "Men of Good Will" is interesting—so interesting that you will, if you give it a chance, enjoy its million and a quarter words more than the million and a quarter words comprised in any ten or twelve other current novels you can name. It is slow starting; the first volume begins with a static panorama—the only static part of the whole business—of Paris on October 6, 1908; this is followed by the story of Quinette, which is something between Dostoievsky and Francis Iles, and which is related to what follows only by contrast. Many readers, particularly women who don't like psychological detective stories, have bogged down in the beginning. This is unfortunate; I hope they will try again, and I hope other readers will begin "Men of Good Will" with the knowledge that they must read at least the first two American volumes before they have a basis of judgment. One's enthusiasm for "Men of Good Will" is apt to be met with involuntary half-smiles of tolerant incredulity, because people do not believe anything could justify so much length. I can only try to avoid well-worn superlatives, and to say that my enthusiasm, if eccentric, is at least genuine, and that it has flourished since I began to read "Men of Good Will" in 1933. Twenty-five years hence is time enough for a final verdict on "Men of Good Will." The exact degree of its significance, for our time, remains in question only above a high level. The degree of its consuming interest is not in question at all.

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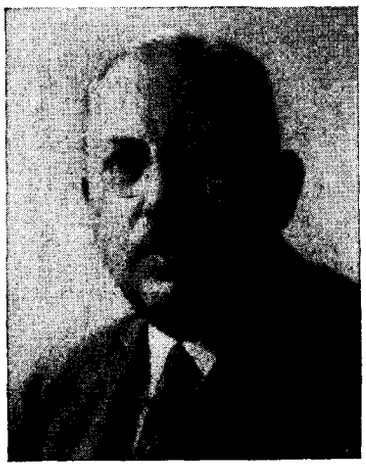
THE BOOK BUYER

Fogs and Snobs of Merrie England

MOST American historians delight in twisting the tail of the British lion, but James Truslow Adams ties a ribbon on it. His "Building the British Empire" catches the epic outline of the world's most remarkable story, the story of a shy people who are conscious of their superiority, a nation of "shop-keepers" but who own a quarter of the world, home lovers above all other peoples but the greatest wanderers on earth. Many ingredients went into the English character—even the fogs of London played a part, even snobbery.

Dr. Adams has not written a textbook. He lived in England for six years. He worked with Colonel House on the plans for the Peace Conference just after the World War, so he had a peep at the inner workings of the British mind. He says that the study of American history involved a constant study of British history. The first volume of "Building the British Empire" begins with the Roman period and follows through to the end of the American Revolution.

It is difficult to read all the important books on the British Empire. James Truslow Adams saves us the trouble. Any historian can elaborate, few can epitomize. Some wag almost wrote the history of England in an epigram: "One Englishman, a fool; two Englishmen, a football match; three Englishmen, the British Empire." Dr. Adams says the first statement is false.



James Truslow Adams

United States (Patent Pending)

REMOVE from your minds once and for all the idea that invention is a dull subject. Roger Burlingame makes it interesting. In his "March of the Iron Men: A Social History of Union Through Invention," he tells our American history from a new point of view. He shows that inventions brought about the union of the states by breaking down provincial barriers.

Eli Whitney's cotton gin, Cyrus McCormick's reaper, even Elias Howe's sewing machine, completely changed the American way of life, and dozens of other inventions are cited as further proof that human ingenuity shapes our history no less than battles and political campaigns.

The chapter on rifles and pistols brings new material to light. Roger Burlingame's knowledge of firearms is not academic, he served with the 308th Machine Gun Battalion in the Argonne offensive during the World War. The literary style of "March of the Iron Men" was to be expected, for the author has written several novels and was an editor with *The Independent* and with *Scribner's* for many years.

Librarians and hard-working people in many lines of research will appreciate Mr. Burlingame's chronological list of American inventions from 1634 to 1865.

(Advertisement)

ALL THE BRIGHT COURAGE

Not naked on the mountain were you reared
By wolf and weather, bramble-scratched and lean;
Privation has not made your senses keen,
Since hunger is a foe you have always feared.
With fire and food and shelter you have cheered
A pampered body. What does courage mean
To one untried by danger? You have been
Safe and adventureless till love appeared.
Love is a ruthless bandit. May he shatter
The wall that bricks you snugly in content!
And though he wound and rob you, what shall it matter?
Accept his challenge. Who can circumvent
Death, collecting in person, somewhat later
All the bright courage that you never spent!

From *The Name of Life. Poems,*
by MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT.

It's a Free Country?

A WORLD in which everything was free except the right to be free would be unbearable to a man nurtured on democracy. Rousseau pictures the degradation of people under chains. Lincoln, at Gettysburg, made an eloquent plea for *a new birth of freedom*, and Nicholas Roosevelt, distantly related to two presidents, but who copies neither, has chosen this phrase for the title of his book. (It has already reached a third printing.)

Our Federal System of government, the dream and model of oppressed peoples everywhere, and never more than now, has been undermined by a growing trend towards centralization. The Founding Fathers foresaw this trend, and shaped the Constitution accordingly. Government interference with individual rights brings to mind the dictum of Thomas Jefferson that the least government is the best government. On this thesis Nicholas Roosevelt says his say. Critics compliment him for the way he says it. He calls no names. He has a genuine respect for the Federal System, traces its history, shows how it is being tampered with, and foreshadows the results of such tampering.

Food Safari

TO one man's travels and experiments we owe many of our new table foods, and many of our agricultural by-products.

From Finland to the Cannibal Isles and from Rio to Siam this man voyaged collecting the finest cotton of Egypt, the best dates of Bagdad, bamboo in Java and Japan, tobacco in Sumatra, nectarines from Quetta, mangos from India, tung oil for varnish from China, alfalfa from Peru. Today groves of tangelos and mangos in Florida, the vast grain fields of Russian Durum wheats covering millions of acres, the orchards of giant date palms in California and Arizona, the Guatemalan avocados and their hybrids which have grown into large orchards in California and Florida are but a few of the important industries due directly to his work. He was chiefly responsible for the Japanese cherry trees in Washington.

This man is Dr. David Fairchild, who was head of the division of Foreign Plant Exploration and Introduction of the U. S. Department of Agriculture from 1906 to 1928. Thanks to Elizabeth and Alfred Kay, who prevailed upon him to write his autobiography, we now have "The World Was My Garden"; and indeed it was his garden, filled not only with fruits and flowers, but with friendships that ranged from presidents, scientists, and literary men, down to gardeners and government clerks. Alexander Graham Bell, David Fairchild's father-in-law, exerted a marked influence.

Nicholas Roosevelt

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Prepared Monthly by Charles Scribner's Sons

OLD SLEWFOOT

IN selecting a title for this column we borrowed the name of the old bear in Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' "The Yearling." You will recall that old Slewfoot was always prowling around and getting shot at, which seems the proper description for a sleuthing colyumist. Now that Paramount is filming "The Yearling," we wonder if Slewfoot will get a part in it? Spencer Tracy seems slated for the role of Penny on the strength of his performance in "Captains Courageous."

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Speaking of movies, "Drums," with the boy Sabu in the leading role, reminds us that Robert and Frances Flaherty filmed "Elephant Boy," which raised Sabu to stardom. Frances wrote the story of the filming in her "Elephant Dance" (Scribner). Bob Flaherty also filmed "Moana," "Men of Aran" and "Nanook of the North." He has always been captivated by the frozen north, and has just written a Conradian tale called "The Captain's Chair: A Tale of the North," which is just as beautiful and stirring and original as any of his motion pictures. Bob Flaherty has been writing this book for years, hinted that he was writing it, but never showed it to a publisher. It was worth waiting for, Old Slewfoot hastens to add.

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Ernest Hemingway has gone to Paris to be closer to danger, the United States being hopelessly safe and innocuously sane. We are glad his new book, "The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories" is in the press. "The Fifth Column" is a play written around a Fascist intrigue inside the Loyalist lines in Spain, and Hemingway wrote it under fire. He writes: "When you went to the front, at its closest it was fifteen hundred yards from the hotel, the play was always slipped inside the inner fold of a rolled-up mattress. When you came back and found the room and the play intact you were always pleased. It was finished and copied and sent out of the country just before the taking of Teruel." He goes on to say, "I would like to live long enough to write three more novels and twenty-five more stories. I know some pretty good ones." Readers who like Hemingway's short stories will find the first forty-nine in the same book with "The Fifth Column," and this is the first time they have been collected in one volume.

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"The Paderewski Memoirs," by Ignace Jan Paderewski and Mary Lawton, is scheduled for publication, October 21. About six years ago, when the writing of the memoirs began, the great pianist said: "I hereby state that my autobiography which I am now preparing with Miss Mary Lawton . . . is the authentic record of my life and the only one that has my authorization and approval."

Rose C. Feld, in reviewing Taylor Caldwell's "Dynasty of Death" in the New York Herald Tribune, says, "If *Dynasty of Death* is a first novel, it is a marvelous achievement; if it is the work of a known author who is using a pseudonym, it is a skillful job which will add greatly to his stature." It is a first novel, and Taylor Caldwell is a pseudonym.

What many consider to be the greatest biography of our time has now been completed. The sixth and final volume of Winston Churchill's "Marlborough," covering the years 1708-1722, is out this month.

Here is a note for Chard Powers Smith, who wrote about the peculiarities of literary men in his "Annals of the Poets." Thomas Wolfe was so tall (6 ft. 7 in.) that he could not find a bed in New York long enough to fit his gargantuan frame. He finally had to rent a loft. He wrote "Of Time and the River" on top of his refrigerator, the only thing in the loft high enough to serve as a desk.

David Fairchild (*seated*), author of "The World Was My Garden."

A Book on Oscar Wilde—Why?

THE other day I received a most interesting letter on my book, *Oscar Wilde, The Man—The Artist—The Martyr*, from a distinguished member of the English Speaking Union. She writes: "It is a masterly study; an honest, most painstaking effort to present the true man as he was . . . Your book will sell. It will be discussed widely; it will make you famous (if you are not already) . . . and perhaps it will serve as a warning to curious youth, or it may make curious youth still more curious to try the same experiments . . ."

Is this comment to be construed as a praise or a blame? She concludes her letter by hurling at me this point blank question: "Tell me truly—what was your object in writing this book?"

Does my book really need an apology? Is it not the privilege of a critic to choose the subject of his study? What is the objection to a writer giving a decent biography of, say, Leonardo, or Michelangelo or Tchaikovsky, even though each one of these men is known to have possessed the same abnormalities which have ultimately dragged Oscar Wilde into an English court of justice and hence—into the miserable cell in Reading Gaol.

However, it is not my habit to dodge a bluntly propounded question. The object of my writing a book of Wilde was simply this: Having been a life-long student of Wilde I knew that the subject is one of intense interest and fascination; I knew that no poet of the last century has been more bitterly attacked and unjustly calumniated than Oscar Wilde; that despite his many errors, faults and vices, there was in him another noble and beautiful aspect which remained carefully concealed by most of his biographers; that his brilliant literary heritage has been deliberately and sadly neglected by the English critics, most of whom in their modes of thinking were hopelessly tied to the gentilities, prejudices and bigotry of the Victorian era. And to draw a truthful picture of this ill-starred genius, the unexcelled causeur, the great master of subtle and fantastic dialogue who "treated art as the supreme reality and life as a mere mode of fiction"; who awoke the imagination of his century by summing up "all systems in a phrase and all existence in an epigram," this virtuoso of paradox who was fully conscious of the fact that the *jeu de mots* always conceals a genuine *jeu d'esprit*—this task to me seemed irresistably attractive. And thus without applying to the Catos of our time for a license to write a book on Oscar Wilde, I sat down and wrote it.

BORIS BRASOL.

Adams. *Building the British Empire.* $3.50
Burlingame. *March of the Iron Men.* $3.75
Roosevelt. *A New Birth of Freedom.* $2.50
Fairchild. *The World Was My Garden.* $3.75
Rawlings. *The Yearling.* $2.50
Flaherty. *The Captain's Chair.* $2.50
Hemingway. *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories.* $2.75
Caldwell. *Dynasty of Death.* $2.75
Churchill. *Marlborough.* *Per Vol.* $2.75
Seiffert. *The Name of Life. Poems.* $2.00

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A Biologist Hears the Guns

(*Continued from page 4*)

to judge human affairs. It is sometimes bitter to gulp it down, and frequently humbling; it doesn't give you the quick emotional buck-up of seeing the light with the Reverend Mr. Buchman or Father Divine. But it is not open to the objection that it is ballyhoo for anybody's bandwagon. No one can suggest what self-interest, even of intellectual pride, a trained biologist can have in persuading you to see the world as he sees it. Most biologists are so little interested in whether or no anyone agrees with them, that they have seldom troubled even to make themselves comprehensible, as Allee does. But when they do speak, in a language understood, it is remarkable how, no matter what we might like to think, we feel in our bones that they are right.

It is gratifying, then, to hear a biologist, without lifting his voice above the speaking tones, deprive war of every fundamental justification. He never mentions the moral arguments against war, for morality is not the business of a scientist. He does not refer to its horrors, or to its economic consequences. He deals with it as an example of group action in a species of animal which thinks extraordinarily well of itself. Let us hear him just once more in the same dispassionate tones, hinting at a real substitute for whatever in our aggressive natures calls for combat:

> From the standpoint of pure biology, disregarding considerations that may seem to smack of the social sciences, the mortal enemies of man are not his fellows of another continent or race; they are the aspects of the physical world which limit or challenge his control, the disease germs that attack him and his domesticated plants and animals, and the insects that carry many of these germs as well as working notable direct injury. To the biologist this is not even the age of man, however great his superiority in size and intelligence; it is literally the age of insects. *[Nota bene!]*
>
> There are good biological precedents for such competition between different types of organisms as between man and insects or man and bacteria. In fact, with the most negligible exceptions, the only kind of mass slaughter for which there is precedent in animal biology is found in interspecific struggles. One species of animal may destroy another and individuals may kill other individuals, but *group* struggles to the death between numbers of the same species, such as occur in human warfare, can hardly be found among non-human animals.

This should quite sufficiently take care of the preposterous appeal to the analogy of the struggle for existence which is often made by those who love war, or, rather, love to send young men to war. I mean it should do so, if politician and pulpit, editor and orator could be educated in the elements of the biological viewpoint, or once submitted to the discipline of rigorous thinking and utterance. Apparently there are centuries of work to be done first on most loud-speakers. From the time of Æsop, moralists have not hesitated to dip into the animal kingdom for the one fact or fable that they need, disregarding all other evidence. I wrote a magazine article, quite objective as I supposed, on the social life of ants, only to have the honor of seeing it quoted by a newspaper for which I was working, as a horrible example of what life would be like under communism or even the second administration of Roosevelt.

Scientists would be happy to have their conclusions applied, by anyone who had first acquainted himself with not one biological fact or two, but all that he could learn. And it would seem that in no field of science could results be carried over to human affairs so well as from the findings of research into the social organization of animals. The excuse that most of us cannot take the time to read one hundred and twenty-nine reference works will not hold if the gist of them is attractively presented in one volume as it is in "The Social Life of Animals." Professor Allee's book goes up on the shelf with Jennings's "The Biological Basis of Human Nature," Holme's "The Trend of the Race," Bateson's "Biological Fact and the Structure of Society," and some of the works of Conklin, Haldane, and Raymond Pearl. It is a small band, but if they were more widely read, a great many of our counsellors would save their breath. We would not encounter so many cocksure, but half-baked young "social scientists," if all of them had, first, to master elementary biology.

Certainly, to get on board a book by a trained scientist, after, let us say, Keyserling's poison gas, or Wiggam's discredited rubbish about family eugenics, is a deep satisfaction. Compared with the biologists, most of our amateur saviors are as the bellowing busmen, trying to cozen or seize you for the hostel they represent. The biologists are comparable, rather, with the engineer of the train, who without interest in you precisely delivers you where your ticket reads. They can be relied on not to rush through block signals of facts. They will not wreck truth in open switches of prejudice, and will never jump the rails in an attempt to find a scenically exciting new way over the mountains. They should be heard from more often.

Donald Culross Peattie is the author of "An Almanac for Moderns," "Green Laurels," and other books on nature and biology.

One of the most important names in modern letters

John Steinbeck

The newest volume of fiction by the author of *Of Mice And Men* demonstrates his mastery of the short story and the novelette, his understanding of little lives. 15 magnificent stories, including his famous *The Red Pony*—hitherto only in a $10 edition. *Viking $2.50*

The LONG VALLEY

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 235)

ROGER ASCHAM—
"THE SCHOOLMASTER"

These sciences, namely, music, arithmetic, and geometry, as they sharpen men's wits over much, so they change men's manners over sore, if they be not moderately mingled and wisely applied to some good use of life.

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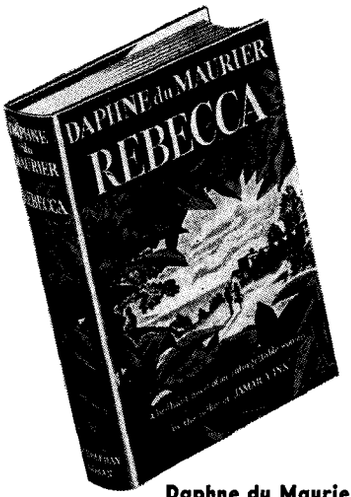
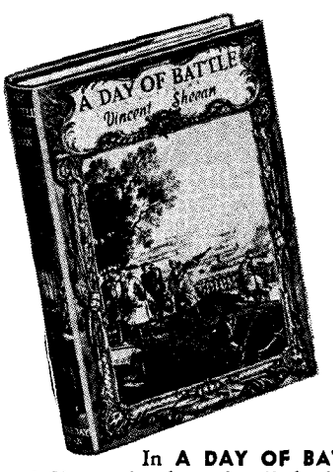


Daphne du Maurier, the author of *Jamaica Inn,* comes to full maturity in this magnificent novel of an unforgettable woman. Full of urgency and brilliantly created suspense, the house at Manderley will hold you in thrall . . . **REBECCA** is the best story-telling of the year, a book you will find impossible to put down. $2.75



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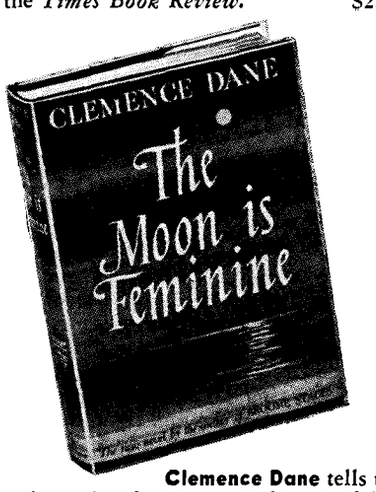

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The new book by the author of

POOR SPLENDID WINGS

Farewell The Banner

by FRANCES WINWAR

A brilliant "panorama biography" encompassing Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William and Dorothy Wordsworth, and the few starry-eyed others who dreamt of an Utopia on the banks of the Susquehanna. Never before has full justice been done to the melancholy and erratic genius that was Coleridge. He emerges in this book as a vital personality, a creation of flesh and blood. Miss Winwar has achieved that difficult and subtle thing—a biography of a period, of an attitude toward life and letters. Percy Hutchison in the *Times Book Review* says: "In FAREWELL THE BANNER Frances Winwar has drawn an enticing portrait of two extraordinary men and an extraordinary woman." $3.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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1914 and 1938

BEFORE THE WAR: STUDIES IN DIPLOMACY. By G. P. Gooch. Vol. II. The Coming of the Storm. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

THIS volume, ably collated by one of the foremost authorities on pre-war documents, who has undertaken two volumes of "studies in diplomacy," is devoted to Grey, Poincaré, Bethmann-Hollweg, Sazonoff, and Berchtold. Published at a moment when the history of 1914 threatened to repeat itself, it offers a penetrating clinical analysis of the disease from which Europe has been suffering since the turn of the century.

Gooch's extensive quotations from diplomatic correspondence suggest on every page deadly parallels with the events of the last few years. Grey, who like Viscount Halifax was an upright man of somewhat limited vision in foreign affairs, wrote that Germany "has reached that dangerous point of strength which makes her itch to dominate." What frightened English public opinion "was not so much Austrian hegemony in the Balkans as German hegemony in the world." Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London, warned his government—without avail—that "England's policy toward us is pacific and friendly," but that "no British Government could regard a fresh weakening of France as compatible with the vital interests of the country." England, Haldane told Lichnowsky in 1912, "was absolutely pacific; but in a general war which might result from Austria marching into Servia if the latter refused to leave the Adriatic, it was hardly probable that she would stand aside." (Almost the exact language of Neville Chamberlain and Sir John Simon about Czechoslovakia — before Chamberlain's visit to Berchtesgaden.) When the Russian Ambassador in London complained in July 1914, that Germany and Austria believed Britain would stand aside, "Grey informed him of the significant order to the First Fleet, concentrated at Portland for manœuvres, not to disperse." "European politics," says Gooch, "had begun to revolve in a vicious circle which nobody seemed able to break."

One need not multiply these quotations to realize the nightmarish resemblance which the summer months of 1938 bore to those of 1914. Twenty years after the end of a world war fought to balk German hegemony of the European continent, a resurgent Germany, under Hitler, has resumed its historic *Drang nach Osten*. This drive, blocked in 1914 by Serbia, ambitious to establish a kingdom of the South Slavs with the aid of Czarist Russia, was barred in 1938 by another Slav state, Czechoslovakia, which looked for aid not only to France, but to Stalin's Russia.

This blinding flashback to 1914 does more than illuminate the political scene of today. It serves as evidence that, while history is moulded by men, not by blind destiny, men, in their ignorance, or overconfidence, or ambition, set in motion forces which they are then no longer able to control. Grey, Poincaré, Bethmann-Hollweg, Berchtold, Sazonoff were not fiends bent on the destruction of their fellow-men. Some of them had genuine gifts; others were mediocrities. All sought, within the measure of their competence and their vision, to avert war. Yet all were conditioned by historical heritage, political environment, economic maladjustments, and national sentiment to adopt courses which could not but prove inimical to peace. In passing judgment on those leaders who today are grappling with the problems of war or peace, we must realize that in the drama of international affairs there are no villains and no heroes—only human beings caught in the revolving wheels of events which call for more than average intelligence, good will, and magnanimity.

Vera Micheles Dean is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

JUST OUT

HERE IS NEWS!

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MARQUIS CHILDS

Author of SWEDEN: The Middle Way

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Collective Bargaining in Scandinavia

A timely and clearly written analysis of the Labor governments in Scandinavia, the trade union structure, and the way in which labor and capital settle their disputes (they have plenty of strikes and labor troubles!) by bargaining rather than by violence. It is a new story of immense importance to the people of the United States at this moment. Illustrated. $2.50

At all bookstores

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Our Foreign Policy in European Crises

AMERICA AND THE STRIFE OF EUROPE. By J. Fred Rippy. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

"IT will be observed, therefore, that devotion to democracy and devotion to the maxim of isolation have frequently tended to become conflicting sentiments." This combination of loyalties has troubled not only Secretary Hull, as he watches local wars raging and larger wars threatening, but every American statesman since the eighteenth century. Professor Rippy, of the University of Chicago, has outlined in this book the basic contradictions in our foreign policy, especially with regard to the unceasing strife of Europe. His succinct and suggestive analysis is indeed timely, for the American public is caught once more in a conflict of sentiments.

Because of our major ideological concepts, we have frequently become involved in European diplomacy and wars despite all our protestations of aloofness. While quoting the Founding Fathers on the danger of meddling in European affairs, we have assisted oppressed minorities, applauded republican revolutionists, and supported imperiled democracies. In our desire to put American ideals into European practice, Professor Rippy discovers, we have fought several wars and are now risking another.

The first chapters of this book, summarizing the historic objectives of American policy, are well organized and written. Professor Rippy presents with skill and humor the extravagant idealism—expressed in nationalistic and imperialistic speeches worthy of Mussolini, Hitler, or Rudyard Kipling—with which our predecessors conquered a continent and an oceanic empire. In his survey of American policy during the World War and afterward, he is less successful, for he fails to expand and restate his ideological factors to fit the United States as a great power, no longer on the defensive. Roosevelt, Bryan, and Wilson were more than "messiahs" representing the pacifistic element in American idealism; as the most popular statesmen of the day, they were searching for policies in line with our increasingly large economic and sentimental interests abroad. Professor Rippy omits entirely another great "messiah," Mr. Herbert Hoover, who—as Secretary of Commerce and President—participated in the strife of Europe because American prosperity was aided by international trade, collective security, disarmament, and peace in general. The author fails to note that Great Britain has changed from the endangering dictatorship of the eighteenth century to the endangered democracy of the twentieth century, and that our ideology has changed accordingly. As little mention is made of our attitudes on such matters as Nazi Germany, the Spanish conflict, and breakdown of the League, this book hardly assists the average American in deciding what our present and future policy toward Europe should be.

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Music after Beethoven

A HUNDRED YEARS OF MUSIC. By Gerald Abraham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

"A HUNDRED Years of Music" is more than a title; to the modern concertgoer and music student the phrase represents an era which produced more than three-fourths of the musical repertory within his knowledge, while the immense wealth of music before the "Hundred Years" is still terra incognita. We should expect, then, that since the romantic and modern eras and the rather uncertain transitory periods between them figure so prominently in today's musical life, they would be treated by musical writers in an exhaustive and authoritative fashion. But the grotesque confusion, hero worship, esthetics of megalomania, and journalistic philosophy that surround the Hundred Years' music is as bewildering as it seems hopelessly entangled in the public mind. The modernist and the pseudo-modernist, the lyricist and the symphonist, the dramatic composer and the poet of pastiches, the insane dreamer of new harmonies and the sober engineer of new sonorities, all are mixed together and offered to the defenseless public, their idiosyncrasies and chance declarations, musical or verbal, serving for classification.

Gerald Abraham's is, assuredly, one of the finest, soundest, and most courageous essays on music since the death of Beethoven that has yet appeared in the English language. Instead of the engaging stories of the textbook writers, the "figured bass analyses" of the harmony teachers, and the accumulated shop talk of music critics and radio commentators, Mr. Abraham gives us musicianly analyses of texture, form, and style. Musicianly, yes, but also supported by a vast amount of research that covered the musical literature of all nations concerned, down the obscure doctoral dissertations of embryo musicologists. It is refreshing to see an organized plan, and a clear objective, right on the first page of the preface. In his rather crisp and racy style, the author gives admirable characterizations, expressed in a few lines, that are more complete and vivid than all the dignified loquaciousness of the "perfect Wagnerites," or of the earthly representatives of Brahms. In his preface the author states that his "approach to the period has been that of the historian of musical style," and as a musical historian he has acquitted himself with distinction. Keenly interested in his subject, independent in his judgment, but as objective as is possible without jeopardizing his right to his own interpretations, Mr. Abraham has been able to overcome the mistakes of many other writers. His figures are not heroes, but artists who are evaluated for what they are worth. Wagner, Brahms, or Schönberg, Tschaikowsky, Elgar, or Gershwin are as sympathetically approached and extolled as by their enamored biographers, but Mr. Abraham is a historian and to him their musical shortcomings are as important as their virtues.

It is this judicious and healthful appraisal of romantic and modern music, always from the point of view of musical style and not from the rather vague angle of "human psychology," that makes this book outstanding. It is to be hoped that "A Hundred Years of Music" will find its way into the libraries of our conservatories and colleges, and especially of our music critics.

Paul H. Lang is a member of the music department of Columbia University.

An Artist in Action

MIDWAY IN MY SONG. The Autobiography of Lotte Lehmann. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT SIMON

AT some time in her career, almost every distinguished soprano becomes an authoress and composes her autobiography; and now it's Mme. Lotte Lehmann who tells her own story in "Midway in My Song." Mme. Lehmann, however, doesn't make her debut as a writer with this book—that's one important difference between "Midway in My Song" and other sopranistic autobiographies—because she has already published a novel and written poetry. In the translation by someone identified only as "Tr." in footnotes, it's obvious that Mme. Lehmann enjoys the business of setting words on paper. The first four chapters make up an amusing little idyll of her childhood, and, later on, there are occasional ambitious descriptive rhapsodies that only a person who likes to write would have attempted.

The autobiography proper is the predominantly cheerful report of a greatly gifted artist who has made her way by logical stages from an inconspicuous operatic debut in Hamburg to great roles in the most celebrated auditoria of the world.

"Midway in My Song," simply as autobiography, is often oddly impersonal. There is almost no sharply critical comment on the singer's contemporaries (after all, Mme. Lehmann is an active artist, and you couldn't expect her to take apart conductors under whose direction she may be singing or to dissect the vocal tactics of performers with whom she may appear). After an illuminating recital of her early tribulations with singing teachers and operatic functionaries—and here there are no snappy cracks at those who didn't approve of her efforts, although it would have been easy for Mme. Lehmann to indulge in a little back talk from her present eminence—Mme. Lehmann records principally her most pleasantly stimulating experiences. Yet when she discusses Toscanini, Walter, Melchior, and other notables with whom she has collaborated in music, she avoids the temptation to deal only in *Schwärmerei.* Rapturous as she may be, she knows how to record accurately an artist in action.

For those who have heard Mme. Lehmann, "Midway in My Song" will help to complete the picture of a singer whose engaging personality is apparent on the stage. For authentic Lehmann fans, of whom there rightly are many, it will be one of the events of the year.

The AMEN CORNER

The principal and continual aim of my policy is to be master of the Mediterranean.—General Bonaparte.

•

Recent sensational events further north have withdrawn our gaze from the crisis in the Mediterranean. *The Mediterranean in Politics,* by Elizabeth Monroe[1], which, says the *New York Times,* "should be enthusiastically welcomed by the ordinary reader," has just come from the Oxford University Press[2] to remind us that the Mediterranean crisis is perennial.

Miss Monroe (again we quote the *New York Times*) advances her pertinent and timely theories "with simplicity, effectiveness, assurance and a constant avoidance of heaviness and dullness. And she has a lack of bias which is most refreshing and a lightness of touch which is a joy. Hers is a valuable book, replete with food for thought, well worth reading. Well worth re-reading, in fact."

•

Our quotation from General Bonaparte we lighted on in one of the most exciting books (see almost any review of it for confirmation) we have ever read, *England's Years of Danger, 1792-1815,* by Paul Frischauer[3].

In this book Mr. Frischauer has compiled a fascinating mosaic of contemporary documents which depicts the steady growth of the Napoleonic menace, and shows how it was at last countered and finally broken by the statesmanship and money of England. Letters, despatches, diaries, reports of conversations, cabinet minutes, and personal trivia—all have been drawn upon to make up this dramatic picture of those strange, exciting years. As the sources themselves compose the book nothing can be twisted from its original meaning. Thus the reader is in direct, personal contact with each event as it occurs, is present at every turning point in the exciting stream of world history.

It is a kind of mental movie.

The range of characters, whose own words are quoted, is amazing — besides Napoleon and his circle, there are George III, James Madison, and Thomas Jefferson; Caulincourt, Cobbett, and Fichte; Metternich, Pitt, and Madame de Rémusat. There are many others, and especially Lord Cathcart who was sent abroad with the special object of isolating Napoleon diplomatically and whose papers have never been so strikingly utilized as in this book.

It is enthralling in itself, but the interest is heightened by the obvious parallel with the present European situation. Don't miss it. If your bookseller hasn't got it, ask him to order it.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $4.00. (2) 114 Fifth Avenue. (3) $2.75.

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THE POLITE MARRIAGE

By J. M. S. Tompkins $2.75

A book of delightful essays on minor eighteenth-century subjects, including "Henry and Frances", Dr Hugh Downman, Ann Yearsley, John Ramble, James White and Mary Hays.

These people are unimportant in literary history, but Miss Tompkins enjoys and brings out their delicate charm.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
MACMILLAN

"An excellent cross section of New England."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

PURITAN CITY

By Frances Winwar

Salem, the hub of New England, through centuries of glory and change is the subject of this vital new book by the author of "Poor Splendid Wings."

"Miss Winwar has brought to this story her full talents as novelist and biographer, and because of them her book has the fluency of a novel with the biographical vision that makes history live. It is the men of this history, superbly portrayed, that make it such dramatic reading."
—*The Saturday Review of Literature*

"Authentic and well documented history, so written that it is as fascinating as fiction."
—*The Boston Globe*

Illustrated. $3.00

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY
116 E. 16th St., New York

The New Books

Fiction

BIG SHOW. By Charles Cooke. Harpers. 1938. $2.50.

Nice book. The author, who is one of the *New Yorker's* bright young men when not writing fiction, demonstrates convincingly the best qualities of that popular magazine — clean, honest writing, erected upon a substructure of observation, and above all an interest in the actions of human beings, good, bad, and indifferent. Even the scoundrels in this engaging story have about them something not that you like, but that you like reading about.

The plot is rather slight; the small town boy who trains a dog, wins a place in a small-time circus with it, falls in love, and finally drops contentedly into the square hole that has been provided him since the beginning. Essentially it is not so much a novel as a tale, a narration, whose purpose it is to furnish a rather pleasing show-window model on which an accurately-detailed description of life and feelings under the big top can be hung.

Experts report this description authentic. The execution is so good, the reporting so well chosen, the interest in detail so well communicated, that they keep one from realizing that the weight of what is really material extraneous to the emotional impact of the story, is rather more than the slender structure will bear. It hardly matters during the reading; the painted canvases are so stiff with life that they practically stand alone, and the circus itself, fluctuant and colorful, is the true hero of the book. Even the abrupt changes of scene and personality surrounding the central figures, the individuals brought in for a moment to be brilliantly lighted and then dropped out again, which would seriously detract from the interest in any other kind of book, here add to the effectiveness of the result.

F. P.

HOTEL HOSTESS. By Faith Baldwin. Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.

There is very little new that can be said about a Faith Baldwin book. They are all as competent as possible and "Hotel Hostess" is no exception. This time Miss Baldwin gives her lovely, well-bred, impoverished heroine a good job in a big resort hotel. A nice, warm romance gets going at once and, after many complications of an interesting sort, everything comes out beautifully. In this particular field of writing you'll find nothing better.

L. A.

SHE WAS CARRIE EATON. By Elizabeth Corbett. Appleton-Century. 1938. $2.

The lady who in her eighties became well and favorably known to thousands of readers as young Mrs. Meigs is here presented as she was before she became Mrs. Meigs at all, in a story which pleasantly re-creates the life of a small Ohio city in the seventies. Let the modern generation believe it or not, reckless drivers were a problem in those days too—if you whipped up the horse he might run away, or upset the sleigh when you took a curve; and so was the depression. But Miss Corbett does not go very far into that; the Eatons were fairly well off, they

(*Continued on page* 22)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DEVIL THUMBS A RIDE *Robert Du Soe* (McBride: $2.)	Wild excursion of 2 girl hitch-hikers, philandering hosiery - salesman, and tough egg ends in murder, which Cal. cops solve.	Hard-boiled yarn, competently written in Hem.-Ham. style, with plenty of action, bad language, irony, and pity.	Interesting
THE AFFAIR AT PALM SPRINGS *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Three murders and one attempt, at gathering of rich wasters and parasites in Cal. winter resort, try Huntoon Rogers's deductive mettle.	People mainly unpleasant, background luxurious, plot extra-baffling, and sleuthing proceeds to well-concealed solution.	Better than most
THAT STRANGE SYLVESTER AFFAIR *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	N. Y. gland - specialist stabbed and body dumped in elevator, where sleuth Peter Clancy discovers it—and chase is on.	Murder among medicos offers good share of thrills with romance and shivery venture into darker side of glandular surgery as extras.	Entertaining
A GENTLEMAN FOR THE GALLOWS *Sidney Horler* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	Beginning with judge and several Bobbies, British master-criminal and masked myrmidons kill at will till J. Stanton outwits 'em.	Boss - killer's identity not difficult to guess, but fast and fantastic pace may carry reader within screaming distance of end.	Truck

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

NO one will easily forget Sunday, September 25—the day this is written. The Fantods, Old Q's ill kempt estate, was at its loveliest, in a blessing of sun and shrewd autumn air. The problem that had bothered him—whether he could afford to buy any firewood—had been solved for him by the recent hurricane; which blew down enough timber to keep him chopping until Hallowe'en. He gazed with fresh astonishment at every casual detail, wondering if this was the last pre-war Sunday; it seemed incredible that fatal words might be moving through such golden ethers of space. Every so often he rushed indoors to listen to the radio. He knew he was scarcely himself for he was even too anxious to feel his customary annoyance at the mispronunciations of the broadcasters. After lunch came the rippling notes of Paderewski, from Lausanne—music, the only universal dialect. Playing with such deceptive simplicity, such unemphasized grace, it might have seemed (at first) a pupil practising in the next room. If anything could bring the world to its senses, he thought, that should. And at dusk was there maybe some symbolism: he could not find the new moon, which was hidden somewhere behind a fringe of trees. ☞In the past grim week Old Q. has kept his mind firmly on two small things seen in the papers. One was an ad of De Pinna, a modiste, saying *Look Serenely Victorian for dinner;* a sign surely of human nostalgia for an age of Assurance. ☞The other a remark picked up by a New York *Times* correspondent in Paris who was questioning French people to get their opinions on the crisis. One honest frog remarked: "I do not know. I live in the suburbs."

☞In Trade Winds of September 17, Old Q. rashly inquired about high wind velocities. ☞Four days later he learned all he needed. ☞One of the most exciting experiences of the equinoctial hurricane was that of Van Wyck Mason who was on his way from Nantucket to deliver the MS of his new novel to Frank Henry of Lippincott's. He escaped shipwreck, live wires, and falling trees; was in the railroad station in Providence when the roof blew off; saw two women drowned without possibility of rescue; used his suitcase as a helmet against collapsing chimneys, and sat up all night by candle-light guarding his manuscript which came through safely. We hope it's a good book. ☞If Old Q. were burying a Time Capsule for future civilization he would include a quotation from one of the greatest and wittiest of all books, Hobbes's *Leviathan.* Clearing up storm-debris this passage in *Leviathan* came to mind:—

> *War* consisteth not in battle only or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known . . . the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary.

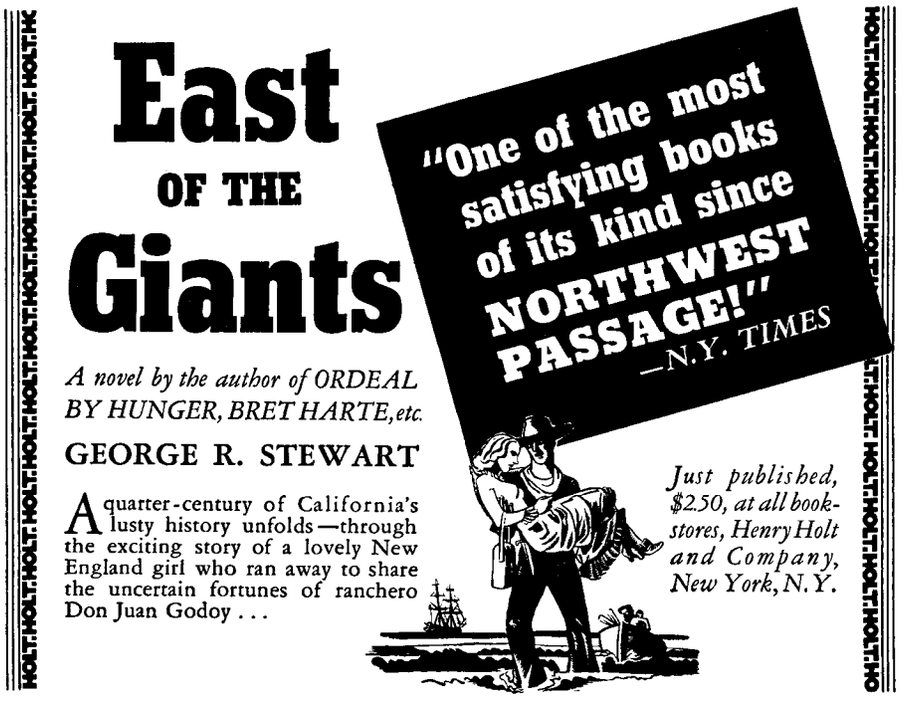
☞At the very end of Hobbes's book he says something which has sometimes made us embarrassed to tout him as we would wish:—"The praise of ancient authors proceeds not from the reverence of the dead, but from the competition and mutual envy of the living." ☞We have an impulse, while the world waits anxiously for News, to concentrate on innocent and untimely topics. Such as the admirable enterprise of a courageous young woman who saved up a few dollars and started a small business of her own delivering fresh vegetable juices, desirable (she says) both for health and hilarity. The expounded essence of carrots, cucumbers, beets, celery, turnips, watercress etc. she offers as a Shavian and Waltian physic for man's darkling humors. In fact we know a bookseller who began (in July) drinking a daily hooker of carrot-and-watercress juice, and says business has risen since that time 3% over last year. ☞Old Q. himself tried a beaker of apple-and-beet juice with two fingers of gin added; and found his spirits improved in an even better proportion. The name of this gallant experimenter is Hettie Hamper, 332 Bleecker Street, N. Y. C. ☞Dudley Gordon (Hollywood, Calif.) observing our interest in railroads quotes what must be one of the earliest poems on that subject. Called *Locomotives,* Mr. Gordon says it was written before 1836 by Samuel J. Smith of Burlington, N. J. Two stanzas:—

> The hills may lift their foreheads high
> The rivers oppose in vain—
> Our smoky motives soon shall fly
> From Mexico to Maine.
> Could our forefathers quit their shrouds,
> How would the good folks stare
> To see their sons in countless crowds
> Driven on by heated air.

☞The Black Cat Press, 5062 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, offers *Ex Libris A. Conan Doyle: Sherlock Holmes* by Walter Klinefelter, a desirable Christmas gift for Sherlockians ($3.50). Mr. Klinefelter examines the genesis of the great detective as shown in Dr. Doyle's personal writings. It appears that the wife of G. T. Bettany (a former Cambridge don then editing MSS for Ward, Lock & Co.) was the first reader who saw the popular possibilities of Sherlock Holmes. That was in October 1886. ☞The first editorial enthusiast in the U. S. was J. M. Stoddart of *Lippincott's Magazine* who hunted out Doyle in 1889.

☞One of the oldest known human communications is an attempt to collect a debt—five bushels of grain owed by Mr. Elmeshum to Mr. Sinerish. This we learn from *They Wrote on Clay,* a book about the Babylonian tablets, written by the late Edward Chiera and published by the University of Chicago Press. ☞The autobiography of the famous bookseller G. Orioli, issued last year in Florence in a small limited edition, is now announced here, unexpurgated, by Robert M. McBride.

☞Charles F. Heartman (Hattiesburg, Miss.), always lively and outspoken, has sent round a pamphlet describing his 25 years in the auction business. His first sale ("it consisted of nothing but junk," he says) was in June 1913. When the catalogue was already in proof he was told it was important to have an impressive name on the cover, so hastily inventing one he entitled it "The Library of G. H. Mayer of Brooklyn." ☞He might at least have said "G. H. Mayer, Esq.," but he admits he was green. ☞He was embarrassed when asked who was this Mr. Mayer, but felt pleased when after the sale Don Seitz came into the store and said he never knew George Mayer had had so many interesting books. ☞The Studio offers as its special autumn number *The Art of the Book* by Bernard Newdigate, a sequel to a similar résumé done by Mr. Newdigate 25 years ago. $3.50 in paper ($4.50 in cloth) brings this beautiful volume into our Christmas list for Pilgrim his Purchases.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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 20)

suffered a little in anticipation but not in fact—when the run on the bank was at its height, John Eaton came back from Cleveland with two carpet bags full of currency just in time; and, like the people George Ade wrote about, till they actually had to go to the poor-house they would always have set a good table.

Carrie Eaton's romance with Richard Meigs will not excite the reader much; for the exciting part comes after the book is over, when he has just married in defiance of his promise to his mother. But it pictures life in that place and time convincingly, at least to those who know it only by tradition; though this reviewer suspects that to be thirty and still not married, in 1876, was a graver misfortune than Miss Corbett will allow.

E. D.

History

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES, CONTAINING THE TOURS THROUGH ENGLAND AND WALES OF THE HON. JOHN BYNG BETWEEN THE YEARS 1781 *AND* 1794. *Edited by C. Bruyn Andrews. Vol. IV. Holt.* 1938. $3.

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C. D. A.

Erratum

There was a misprint in the solution of the Double-Crostic No. 232 in the issue of September tenth. The fourth line should have read "Than the sand that makes the shore."

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	15-L	16-Y	17-O	18-S	19-D	20-H	21-F	22-J		23-S	24-X	25-D	26-Y	27-F	28-R	29-H
30-U	31-V		32-B	33-K		34-A	35-P	36-N	37-W	38-G		39-T	40-C	41-I	42-N	43-J
	44-B	45-T	46-N		47-O	48-V	49-M	50-G		51-G	52-K	53-P		54-Y	55-M	56-D
57-H	58-X		59-T	60-L		61-C	62-Y	63-Z	64-N	65-A		66-M	67-W	68-X	69-C	70-B
71-V	72-P	73-A	74-G	75-O		76-T	77-A	78-K		79-D	80-P	81-J		82-L	83-M	84-D
	85-J	86-Q	87-R	88-T	89-V	90-L	91-Z		92-I	93-B		94-F	95-H	96-E	97-R	98-O
99-N	100-L	101-U	102-Q	103-M		104-K	105-Q	106-M		107-X	108-S	109-Y		110-B	111-X	
112-V	113-E	114-M	115-Q		116-T	117-M	118-C	119-B		120-R	121-S	122-P		123-D	124-V	125-O
126-M	127-N	128-U	129-I		130-Q	131-N	132-W		133-M	134-K	135-J		136-N	137-C	138-D	139-F
140-V		141-O	142-B	143-C	144-V	145-S	146-H		147-M	148-B		149-Q	150-C	151-D	152-J	
153-P	154-L	155-S	156-J		157-E	158-L	159-J	160-O	161-V	162-Z	163-Y		164-A	165-G	166-X	167-F
168-J	169-W	170-B	171-I		172-Z	173-B	174-D	175-K								

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Land of plenty (Bib.).

B. Books printed before 1500 A.D.

C. Method of escape.

D. Mood of serious absorption (2 wds.).

E. Hence (Latin).

F. Little wave or undulation.

G. Name by which Cicero was known.

H. Son of Jacob by Zilpah (Bib.).

I. Unless (Latin) (law).

J. Senile; foolish.

K. King of Serpents (Hindu myth.).

L. Without talent.

M. Novel by Dickens (2 wds.).

N. English explorer and scholar (1888-1935).

O. Exasperate.

P. Hero of novel by William Beckford (1786).

Q. Ignorance.

R. Smartly spruce (colloq.).

S. Spanish novelist (1867-1928).

T. Large, shaggy dog (Russian).

U. Springy motion or movement.

V. Troubled; distressed.

W. English prime minister (1770-1782).

X. Made a noisy racket (colloq.) (comp.).

Y. Made a mess of.

Z. Brink of cliff.

WORDS

164 73 65 77 34 4

110 148 44 70 93 32 142 170 119 173

143 69 137 61 40 150 118 3

123 138 151 79 25 19 12 56 84 174

113 96 157 13

167 9 27 94 139 21

51 74 165 50 38

95 57 20 146 29

129 41 171 92

152 159 22 43 135 81 168 85 156

33 52 78 175 134 104

100 90 11 154 60 15 158 82

49 147 66 133 7 117 106 55 103 114 83 126

42 127 136 64 131 46 99 36

125 17 160 98 75 141 47 6

35 80 122 72 53 153

102 149 105 86 130 115

10 28 97 87 120

108 23 18 155 121 145

59 116 76 39 2 45 88

8 128 101 30

144 161 71 124 89 48 112 31 140

14 169 37 132 67

111 24 1 68 166 5 58 107

54 26 163 16 62 109

63 172 91 162

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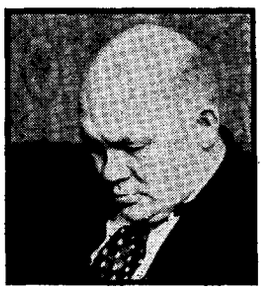

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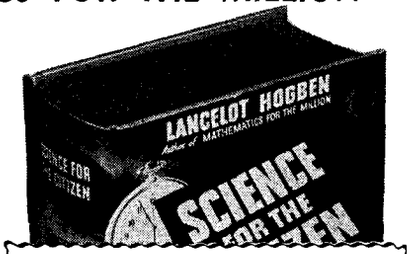

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